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NEWSPAPER

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Our Failing Schools

A battle for the future is being waged in the classrooms of the world—and America is losing.

Science and math, once the backbone of American education, have become its soft underbelly. Half the newly hired science and math teachers are unqualified to teach those subjects; they do so only with emergency certification. Only one-third of our high schools offer more than one year of math or science. At least half of all high school graduates never had a single year of chemistry or physics. Almost half of our states do not require a single math or science course before graduation.

Five million Soviet high school students take calculus compared with barely more than 100,000 in the U.S. Japan graduates more engineers than the U.S. Nearly half of the engineering doctorates that are awarded in the U.S. go to foreign nationals. In China, more people study English than speak it in the U.S. Through foreign language study, others gain know-how from us. Because of our lack of study, we cannot gain from them.

American students do not work as hard as their foreign counterparts. Our school year is 180 days long. In Japan, East Germany, China and the Soviet Union, the school year averages 240 days. Our children attend classes about five hours a day, five days a week. In other countries, the school days and weeks are much longer.

We are feeding our children the intellectual equivalent of junk food while others dine on gourmet cuisine. The results of this educational diet show. More than 10% of the Japanese have I.Q.s above 130. Only 2% of Americans have I.Q.s above 130.

A generation of Americans is growing up lacking the education needed to participate in the modern world. It's a world of robotics, optical fibers, silicon chips, and CAD/CAM (computer-aided design/computer-aided manufacture). Those who do not understand these things will be left behind. Countries that do not lead will have to follow.

Creating jobs, increasing living standards, improving productivity, defending our national security—all pivot on technology. Other countries recognize the importance of science, math, and foreign languages. Yet, at a time when technology is shaping the future, American education is producing technological illiterates.

Historians of the future may well look back on what has happened to American education as the equivalent of unilateral economic disarmament. Our educational deficiencies must be remedied, lest we find ourselves becoming a second-rate economic power.

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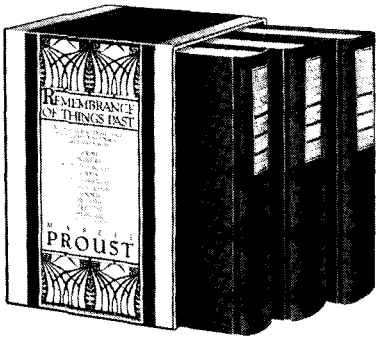

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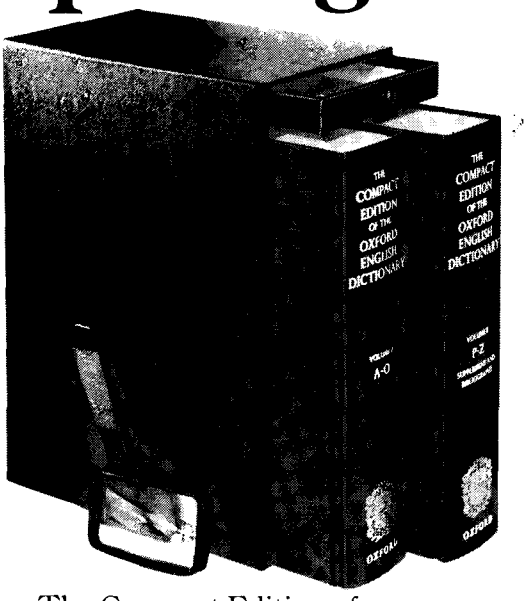

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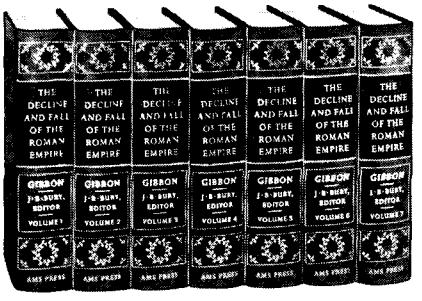

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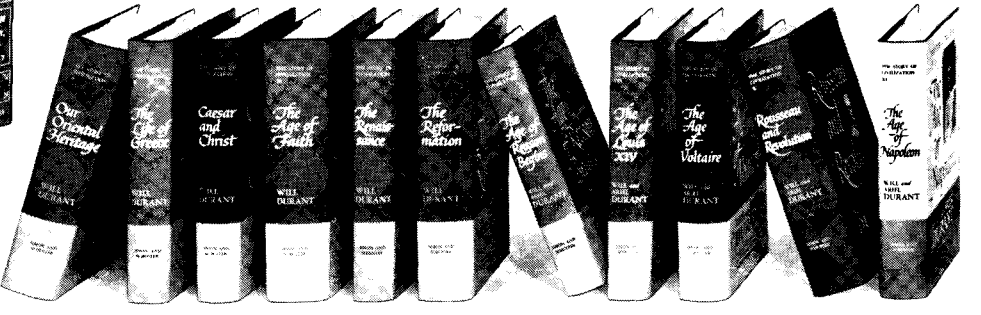

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CORRESPONDENCE

NICARAGUAN INTERFERENCE

To the editors:

In "Nicaraguan Nettle" (TNR, May 9) Charles Krauthammer writes: "[Nicaragua] chooses . . . to be an exporting tyranny, and a Soviet base. If that is not justification for the United States to interfere, then what is?" From 1970 to 1975 Iran conducted counterinsurgency in Oman, a degree of intervention that far exceeded Nicaragua's in El Salvador or Costa Rica. Between 1950 and 1977 Iran imported over $18 billion worth of American weapons and teemed with American military and intelligence personnel; thus Iran was an American "base" to a far greater extent than Nicaragua is a Soviet "base." Iran, has a 1,300-mile border with the U.S.S.R.; Nicaragua has no border with the United States. If all this were not justification for (hypothetical) Soviet interference in Iran, what would have been?

GEORGE SCIALABBA
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Mr. Krauthammer writes: "Why deny them (the Nicaraguan guerrillas) support? Because, goes the alternative argument, we are bound by honor and by treaties like the O.A.S. charter not to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries. There is a certain naiveté in this position. We are dealing here not with adversaries who play cricket; they promote revolution." Therefore, according to Mr. Krauthammer, we should remain honorable and keep our promises only as long as our adversaries play cricket. If they break the law we should feel authorized to do likewise. With that approach, democracy would cease to exist any time antidemocratic regimes break the rules, and breaking the law would be justified if it helps to fight law breakers.

FERNANDO TORRES
Minneapolis, Minnesota

PULITZER APPRAISED

To the editors:

Martin Peretz states ("False Distinction," TNR, May 16) that *The Washington Post* failed to enter in this year's Pulitzer Prize competition the work of any of its correspondents in Lebanon except Loren Jenkins. That statement is mistaken—and the reason, I fear, is that I unintentionally misled Mr. Peretz. In response to his question as to whether the *Post* had entered anyone besides Jenkins for the Pulitzer Prize in international reporting, I told him, quite accurately, that it had not and explained that, in order to avoid competing with themselves, newspapers usually do not submit multiple entries in a single prize category. Partly because I didn't grasp the thrust of Mr. Peretz's line of inquiry, I did not add, as I certainly should have, that the *Post did* submit in an entirely different category—the public service category—an entry based on the combined work of six reporters who covered Lebanon for the paper at various times. Included in this group were all but one of the *Post* correspondents in Lebanon listed by Mr. Peretz in his article—which would seem to invalidate any notion that the *Post* was implicitly or otherwise disavowing the excellence of their work.

I very much regret not having spelled all this out to Mr. Peretz and can only say *mea culpa*. There is, however, another aspect of Mr. Peretz's article for which I emphatically wish to disavow any responsibility and that is his suggestion that this year's international reporting award somehow reflected a desire by our jurors or by the members of the Pulitzer Prize Board "not to let *The New York Times* walk away with the Lebanese honors." Nothing in my dealings with Pulitzer Prize jurors or Board members even remotely supports Mr. Peretz's implication that, as a matter of self-interest, they are more favorably disposed toward the *Post* than toward the *Times*. And if, in some subterranean way, they do cherish any such attitude, they have chosen an extremely odd way of manifesting it: over the past ten years, *New York Times* correspondents have won five Pulitzer Prizes while only one Washington Post correspondent has been so honored.

ROBERT C. CHRISTOPHER
Administrator, The Pulitzer Prizes
New York, New York

Mr. Peretz responds:

I am glad that Mr. Christopher has now corrected his error. So it turns out, after all, that *The Washington Post* did have the arrogance to submit its discredited reporting on Lebanon for a prize—in the "public service" category no less. This, apparently, was even too much for the Pulitzer people who didn't care (or notice) that their prize to Jenkins went to the one Western reporter in Beirut who, falsely and insistently, blamed the massacres on Major Haddad's forces. Readers can imagine, if they did not read, what the writings of those *Post* reporters in Lebanon who did not win the prize were like.

PARTY REFORM

To the editors:

Among the things S. M. Lipset gets wrong in his review of my book, *Consequences of Party Reform*, ("Plus Ça Change," TNR, March 28) is the central message: I advocate a mixed system of Presidential selection, grounded in the state parties, including elements of participation, deliberation, and peer review. And while I believe we once had such a system, we don't any more. I am gratified to see that Lipset accepts, indeed appropriates, so much of my argument about how and why the changes took place.

NELSON W. POLSBY
Chicago, Illinois

BUILDING BLOCS

To the editors:

TRB implies in "Running Black" that over the years, blacks as a bloc, have impulsively and overwhelmingly voted for the Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party (TNR, May 9). He is correct, for they have thoughtfully done so. If nothing else, the past couple of years should sufficiently support the wisdom of their choice.

In view of this, I find TRB's further reasoning beyond comprehension. He states "Julian Bond estimates that a viable black Presidential candidate could increase black registration to 14 million and general election turnout to 12 million. If Bond is even close, Democrats should be begging Jesse Jackson to run. With Ronald Reagan up for reelection, the Republican Party would start out 12 million votes in the hole."

If Jackson runs, it is not Ronald Reagan who will start out 12 million votes in the hole, but the Democratic candidate. If blacks wish to guarantee Reagan's reelection, they may do so by getting Jesse Jackson into the race.

MAX E. ROBKIN
Atlanta, Georgia

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4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Nicaragua, the Pulitzer Prizes, &c.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... WATT'S TEAPOT DOME

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... THE STOCKMAN PAPERS, II
Mr. Stockman has been playing with numbers again. This time he shouldn't go to the woodshed alone.
DISSENSION IN THE RANKS
A policymaker's article is at odds with the policy.
NOTEBOOK

9 **BOB KUTTNER** ..... SILENT SUMMIT
The leaders of the West descend upon Williamsburg, accompanied by an army of reporters. A good show? Possibly. Will anything real get done? Not a chance.

13 **ALEX HEARD** ..... USA OKAY, JULY 4, 1983
Celebrating the USA that is we in the land that is letting it and us to be what we are—Americans.

15 **HAMILTON JORDAN** ..... MONDALE'S CHOICE
To politicians, the Mondale for President campaign is a thing of beauty. But if he is going to succeed with voters, Fritz Mondale will have to take some risks.

19 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... GLENN'S POTENTIAL
John Glenn still hasn't said anything to distinguish himself from the pack, and until he does he may not quite fulfill the promise of his centrist campaign.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: A SPICE OF LIFE
In *Variety*'s 'International Film Annual' for 1983, a lot of trash and one or two diamonds, as usual.

26 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: OLIVIER'S LEAR
With courage and majesty, Olivier plays King Lear, but he can't quite breathe the air of tragic passion.

28 **ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.** ... REQUIEM FOR NEOLIBERALISM
Senator Gary Hart's lucid book, *A New Democracy*, shows that the main thing 'neo' about 'neoliberalism' is the name—and this, in fact, is a piece of good news.

30 **IRVING KRISTOL** ..... THE DUBIOUS SCIENCE
Dangerous Currents: The State of Economics
by Lester Thurow

33 **LEONEL GÓMEZ VIDEZ** ..... DREAMWORK
Salvador
by Joan Didion

34 **LINDA PASTAN** ..... POEM *Last Words*

36 **ANN HULBERT** ..... THE ART OF GROWING OLD
Sister Age
by M.F.K. Fisher

37 **JACK BEATTY** ..... THE WAGES OF GENTILITY
False Premises
by Winthrop Knowlton

39 **BRIEF REVIEW** ..... *Horowitz* by Glenn Plaskin
reviewed by Michael Kimmelman

42 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... EARLY FORM

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

WATT'S TEAPOT DOME

An experience of purity is not an experience you can get in Washington. You have to leave town for the woods. The woods were silent last weekend; a rustle was a roar. The shafts of sunlight seemed to hold up the sky. They were as stiff as the trees through which they fell, and as soft as the moss that they mottled. But it was no good. The stern rhetoric of a House appropriations subcommittee echoed in my ears, and what's worse, I was glad it did. This is what James Watt has done. He has made liberals in the city into liberals in the country. No more mysticism in the woods; even the woods call for a political attitude.

The subcommittee scolded Mr. Watt for his leasing of the nation's coal reserves at "fire sale" prices. Mr. Watt brushed off his critics, brandished his paltry "philosophy," and generally behaved like a man with a mission. Many are bald but few are chosen. He is lucky that he comes so late in history, when scandals are not what they used to be. There was a time when America's standard for scandal was splendidly higher, when popular outrage was prompted by more momentous tamperings with the conditions of public life than the Committee for the Re-election of the President. We have become too prurient about our politics, and perhaps a little petty. James Watt, whose attempted transformations of our landscape are anything but petty, would have been more than a figure of fun years ago. He would have been the bane of the Administration. After all, the Secretary of Interior is being rebuked in 1983 for precisely the offense that nearly toppled an Administration in 1923.

Ever hear of Teapot Dome? Before Watergate, it was the American language's elected euphemism for scandal, and for official miscreancy in the name of commerce. To make a long story short, and an old story new: in 1921 President Warren G. Harding transferred control of oil reserves in California and Wyoming to the Department of the Interior, and in 1922 Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall leased some of these lands to the president of the Mammoth Oil Company (corporations were more candid in those days) without competitive bidding. At "fire sale" prices, in other words. Eventually Fall was convicted of taking bribes. Of this, to be sure, his successor is not guilty. Mr. Watt's Teapot Dome policy is based on the higher kind of conviction. He genuinely believes that nature's proper custodians are chief executive officers. And he genuinely believes that commerce recognizes no compunctions. Every time James Watt looks at a tree he sees an S form around it, and seven figures follow.

Mr. Watt was oddly correct when he insisted to the hostile members of the House that there are philosophical issues involved at Interior. They are not exactly the theories of property that he had in mind, though. The philosophical question at issue is the proper social attitude to nature, and it is not as simple as it seems. Despite the evergreen entrepreneurialism of the Reagan view of the world, which is the best thing that has happened to capitalism in this country since the Dale Carnegie view of the world, there is no use denying that the civilization we enjoy was created upon the exploitation of nature. Sentimentalism about the environment or scorn for technology will profit our politics nothing, and is based upon a dim understanding of the real foundations of modern industrial life. But James Watt's remorselessly instrumental attitude toward the natural world, his pressing of the prestige of science and industry into partisan political service, is hardly the answer; it poses, rather, a more formidable danger to the future than the worst environmentalist excess. The truth about our culture is that sensitivity toward the natural environment has come in tandem with our material need for it. The brilliant British historian Keith Thomas has just produced a study of attitudes toward nature in Britain from 1500 to 1800, and since the Secretary of the Interior likes to talk philosophy, herewith are Professor Thomas's conclusions: "The early modern period had thus generated feelings which would make it increasingly hard for men to come to terms with the uncompromising methods by which the dominance of their species had been secured. On the one hand they saw an incalculable increase in the comfort and physical well-being or welfare of human beings; on the other they perceived a ruthless exploitation of other forms of animate life. There was thus a growing conflict between the new sensibilities and the material foundations of human society. A mixture of compromise and concealment has so far prevented this conflict from having to be resolved. But the issue cannot be fully evaded and it can be relied upon to recur. It is one of the contradictions upon which modern civilization may be said to rest. About its ultimate consequences we can only speculate."

Mr. Watt does not speculate. He lets others do the speculating—the Amax Coal Company, for example. He has the nerve, moreover, to invoke the ideas of growth and national security, prestigious ideas both, to justify his hustling. The fact is that sensitivity to the environment is not a prescription of doom for American industry, though it may put a crimp in the fattening of some fortunes. The contradiction described by Professor Thomas is not a killing contradiction. It is the basis for a realistic politics for the environment. Such a politics deserves a pride of place in the Democratic Party's priorities for 1984; here is a wonderful opportunity to provide an unequivocal retort to Reaganism. More immediately, the House has its work cut out for it. Mr. Watt's wanton way with the natural world will be stopped not by feeling, but by legislation. The members of the House subcommittee who spoke their minds to the secretary, Democrats all, did well. They managed to bar him from doing any more leasing (friend-leasing, you might call it) for the rest of the year. Bravo. More generally, the hour has arrived for liberals to raise the cost in public opinion for Interior's squalid practices. The American people must be made to understand that what they have before them is a good old-fashioned scandal. It is Teapot Dome time again. Until they understand that, the woods will not be safe for mysticism.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JUNE 6, 1983

THE STOCKMAN PAPERS, II

Probably no one except Mrs. Reagan really knows whether President Reagan is running for reelection, but he and his aides certainly act as if he is. The President is out on the stump regularly, stirring the juices of his conservative supporters—telling the National Association of Evangelicals, for example, that the Soviet Union is the "focus of evil in the world," telling the National Rifle Association that he (even he, who took a bullet in the side and now wears a bulletproof vest) supports the so-called "right to bear arms," telling conservatives gathered to honor the late Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio that it was the Great Society that halted economic growth in America and kept the poor in poverty.

Meanwhile, lesser Administration officials have been working the other side of the street, trying to convince moderates in the electorate that the President is really one of them. The Administration is particularly conscious of the "fairness issue" and it knows that Democrats are, too. According to a Gallup Poll conducted for *Newsweek*, 82 percent of the population think that Reagan programs have benefited the rich and 75 percent think his programs have hurt the poor. Another survey found that 66 percent think of Mr. Reagan as a "rich man's President." The task of combating this issue fell to budget director David Stockman, and he performed it with all the statistical legerdemain for which he once before became famous.

Who can forget Mr. Stockman's last performance in the limelight? For nearly the whole of calendar year 1981, he defended Reaganomics before congressional committees and on TV programs, assuring everyone that it would produce a balanced budget, as the President had promised. Then William Greider published his stunning piece in *The Atlantic Monthly*, showing that Mr. Stockman had known practically from Inauguration Day that there would be huge deficits. He characterized the Reagan defense program as "just a bunch of numbers on a piece of paper." And what he and the President had sold as an across-the-board tax cut for all income groups, he acknowledged, was a "Trojan horse" to win benefits for the rich.

Congress was outraged by Mr. Stockman's duplicity. Exaggerating, perhaps, we likened his revelations to the Pentagon Papers (see "The Stockman Papers," December 2, 1981). President Reagan was deeply embarrassed by his young aide's disclosures. Mr. Stockman was allowed to keep his job, but was "taken to the woodshed" by the President. He disappeared for a time, but recently returned to perform the useful service of warning against the structural deficits that Administration tax cuts and defense increases will produce, in Mr. Stockman's words, "as far as the eye can see."

However, on May 4, before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, we had a performance worthy of the old David Stockman. The J.E.C. had been holding hearings on the impact of Reagan programs on the poor. Mr. Stockman was sent to defend the Administration and took with him statistical charts that are almost certain to be used in the campaign to rebut critics on the fairness issue. A White House briefing on Mr. Stockman's findings has already inspired conservative columnists to allege that liberal bleeding hearts have overstated the damage to their precious programs.

Mr. Stockman told the committee, "I unequivocally reject" assertions that fairness has been violated by domestic program cuts, Mr. Reagan's tax cuts, or defense increases. Such ideas were either "total misrepresentations of the truth" or "a fundamental misunderstanding" of Administration policy. With what turn out to be shamelessly doctored numbers, Mr. Stockman went on to claim that the Reagan social spending cuts had actually been marginal and had affected persons well above the poverty line. He also claimed that the Reagan tax cuts did not disproportionately benefit the rich.

Mr. Stockman produced one chart showing that six major social programs had been cut only 5 percent below Carter Administration levels. Mr. Stockman's calculations were cunning. He did not use actual budget figures for

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either Carter or Reagan, but "constant dollar" estimates obtained by factoring in unemployment and inflation. All the factoring worked to Mr. Reagan's advantage—lowering Mr. Carter's spending levels by using Carter-era unemployment and inflation numbers, and raising Reagan levels by using Reagan-era numbers.

According to the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities, "As is well known, the costs of low-income programs go up when unemployment rises—because during a recession more persons have low incomes and qualify for these programs. What Stockman has done is to use the additional program costs resulting from higher unemployment to offset—and thereby conceal—a significant portion of the Reagan budget cuts enacted in these programs." According to the nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office, total cuts in food stamps, A.F.D.C., child nutrition, and Medicaid during the Reagan years actually will amount to $4.8 billion—two and a half times the $1.8 billion figure cited by Mr. Stockman. According to the C.B.O., appropriations for twenty major low-income programs that totaled $101 billion in fiscal year 1981 now amount to $84.5 billion, and the Administration proposed taking them down to $71 billion in fiscal 1984—for a net reduction of 40 percent.

Mr. Stockman also claimed that program cuts had not affected the truly poor, but persons who (he implied) did not deserve government aid. He told the J.E.C., "The plain fact is that in 1981 fully 42 percent of all dollars spent on low-income benefits went to households which, when that aid was included, had incomes above 150 percent of the poverty level. Let me underscore that 150 percent of the poverty level for a family of four in that year was $13,390—an income at 92 percent of the median annual income of unemployed workers in 1981."

Here was more chicanery, this time designed to make aid recipients seem better off then they are. Notice that Mr. Stockman compared the income of a poor family of four with the income of a single worker ($13,390), and not with the income of a working-class family of four ($26,342). In reality, the average poor family—even after receiving government benefits—has only about half the income of the average American family. Without those benefits, many families receiving benefits would be far below the poverty line. The whole idea of giving aid to persons whose incomes are above the poverty line (usually referred to as the "working poor") was to encourage them to keep working and stay off welfare. It's primarily this group that Mr. Stockman and Mr. Reagan have cut off.

ON TAXES, Mr. Stockman built his case against unfairness around the narrow issues of the third year of the Reagan tax cuts and tax indexing, pointing out (quite rightly) that repeal of these measures would hurt middle-class Americans more than the rich. It's partly for this reason (and partly to keep President Reagan's modest little economic recovery alive) that we have urged Congress not to repeal these cuts. But in focusing narrowly, Mr. Stockman conveniently neglected to include the total effect of Reagan tax policies. The only rich people's benefit Mr. Stockman counted was the lowering of the top individual tax rate from 70 percent to 50 percent, ignoring all the new loopholes created since 1980. The Reagan tax changes were supposed to discourage tax shelters; instead, as James K. Glassman showed in these pages ("How to Beat the I.R.S.," May 16), use of tax dodges has exploded. And when Mr. Stockman estimated the benefits to "the rich," he cited only those in the top-income bracket, who make more than $200,000 per year. Those in the top bracket did not do too badly, of course. President Reagan, for example, saved $90,000 in taxes last year, thanks to changes which he signed into law.

Mr. Stockman concluded his defense of Reagan fairness by asserting, "In all, I believe it is simply preposterous to claim, as many proponents of social welfare spending have done, that the combined spending and fiscal priorities of this Administration represent a sharp reversal of decades of social progress. On the contrary, as I have demonstrated, our purpose is to ensure that progress continues on all fronts." The truth, though, is that when C.B.O. balanced out gains and losses for various income groups, it found that households with incomes below $10,000 will lose a total of $17 billion for the period 1983 to 1985, while households over $80,000 will gain $55.6 billion.

SO MUCH FOR Administration protestations about fairness. David Stockman deserves to be taken back to the woodshed, and this time, President Reagan ought to be taken with him. On May 9, speaking to a conservative group in Ashland, Ohio, Mr. Reagan declared that "the great expansion of government programs that took place under the aegis of the Great Society coincided with an end to economic progress for America's poor people." He went on to claim that his Administration's "attempts to restrict and cut back on government expansion" already had produced results such that "the working people of America are directly benefiting."

President Reagan's statements are no more dependable than Mr. Stockman's. The truth is that the incidence of poverty in the United States declined steadily, not until 1965, when the Great Society began, but until 1969. It declined again and reached its lowest level yet, 8.8 percent of the population, in 1974. When Jimmy Carter left office, it was at 10.6 percent. At the end of last year, 11.2 percent of the population lived in poverty. The 1982 figures will be out shortly, and they are expected to show that 14 or perhaps even 15 percent live below the poverty line, as many as in 1964.

And if Mr. Reagan thinks that working people are better off because poor people are worse off, somebody has fed him bad numbers once again. Wages have come down as much as prices during the Reagan Administration, leaving the average American with virtually no increase in purchasing power, and far less than occurred during the Carter years. One group clearly has benefited, though. Two-thirds of the population thinks of Ronald Reagan as the rich man's President, and they're not wrong.

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DISSENSION IN THE RANKS

The Reagan Administration is hoarse with homilies about arms control. It is indignant, too, that the American public is not convinced that its intention to control arms is sincere, and turns instead to street gatherings and House resolutions. The public, however, may be forgiven its skepticism. Arms control will be accomplished only by people who are serious about arms control. The evidence mounts that the policymakers of this Administration are intellectually incapable of prosecuting an arms control policy with any enthusiasm. They simply do not believe in it. For too long they have been clamorous critics of the arms control tradition. Their political identity is too bound up with the bitter struggle against SALT II, and with a simple sort of anti-Sovietism that swamps the nuclear question along with everything else. Recently the writings of Kenneth Adelman provided proof of the extent to which arms control goes against the grain. He has become director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Now another senior official of the Administration publishes a scholarly essay in which all of arms control is denounced for distorting all of the national security policy of the United States. This is not amusing.

What is amusing, however, is that this official's essay in effect denounces, too, all of his President's pronouncements on the subject. The President calls for deep cuts, but this senior official writes in favor of "asking arms control to do less, not more. Thus, at SALT III, the United States should not seek severe quantitative reductions or tighter qualitative constraints." The President demands the MX as a bargaining chip at Geneva, but this senior official writes that " 'bargaining chip' negotiating strategies must be approached with caution. . . . [W]ith the MX only now undergoing full-scale development, it is unrealistic to expect the system to provide the U.S. side with much negotiating leverage in the immediate future." The President goes off the zero option, and insists that only the Pershings will persuade the Russians to dismantle the SS–20s, but this senior official writes that "an extended-range Pershing . . . is unlikely to coerce Moscow into dismantling its existing SS–20s," and that we are "hoping (and in some cases, pretending) that there is a negotiating solution to the SS–20 problem." The President protests that the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency is a place where policy will be made, but this senior official writes that "the creation of A.C.D.A. may have been a mistake."

Who is this senior official? It is not Richard Perle. It is Richard Burt, the new Assistant Secretary of State for Europe. We refer the President to "Defense Policy and Arms Control: Defining the Problem," by Richard Burt, in *Arms Control and Defense Postures in the 1980s*, edited by Richard Burt, Westview Press, Boulder, Colorado. Maybe Mr. Burt has changed his mind and he has not told the President. Maybe he has not changed his mind and he has not told the public. In any case, the Administration is speaking in forked strategic tongues. If the President means what he says about his desire to meet the nuclear menace, he will have to find people for whom arms control is not a source of pain, but a privileged form of service to posterity.

NOTEBOOK

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "There are gorgeous pages in Ernest Hemingway's book about bullfights—big humor and reckless straight talk of what things are, genuinely heavy ferocity against prattle of what they are not. Hemingway is a full-sized man hewing his way with flying strokes of the poet's broad axe which I greatly admire. Nevertheless, there is an unconscionable quantity of bull—to put it as decorously as possible—poured and plastered all over what he writes about bullfights. By bull I mean juvenile romantic gushing and sentimentalizing of simple facts." ("Bull in the Afternoon," by Max Eastman, June 7, 1933).

Why are we in Williamsburg?

SILENT SUMMIT

ON SATURDAY, May 28, at precisely 1 PM, Gaston Thorn, president of the Common Market, will arrive in a horse-drawn carriage at the Governor's Palace in Colonial Williamsburg, where he will be greeted by a nineteen-gun salute. Since the Common Market has no official anthem of its own, the band will play the all-purpose *Ode to Joy* from Beethoven's Ninth. Then, at intervals of exactly thirty minutes, Mr. Reagan will repeat the ceremony individually, in ascending order of seniority, for Prime Ministers Fanfani, Nakasone, Kohl, Trudeau, and Thatcher, concluding with President Mitterrand and the *Marseillaise*. Mitterrand, as the only visiting head of government who is also a chief of state, will rate an extra two guns in his salute.

Administration officials, hosting the first economic summit on the American mainland, are delighted with their choice of Williamsburg as the site. In more ways than one it is our answer to Versailles. Colonial Williamsburg is the oldest of America's historical theme parks. The restoration of the buildings, begun in 1926, was underwritten by Rockefeller money, as was the restoration of Versailles. Each visiting dignitary will be housed in a restored seventeenth-century home. The Williamsburg campus, geographically isolated and easy to close off, is the sort of

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place the Secret Service likes. The horse-drawn carriages not only provide nifty photo opportunities, they give the American hosts control over the scheduling. For summit planners, scheduling can be a nightmare. At the 1980 summit in Venice, for example, President Carter was in the middle of a private chat with Canada's Prime Minister Joe Clark when who should arrive but Mrs. Thatcher. *Quelle horreur*! But no such snafus are likely at Williamsburg. The Reagan people are skilled at nothing if not at staging a good show. Williamsburg will provide a nice, leafy backdrop for approximately three thousand press people pursuing some semblance of a story. This vast journalistic horde is unlikely to find one.

TO UNDERSTAND the limits of economic summitry, you must first appreciate that the preeminent goal for summit planners is a negative one: to avoid catastrophe. Therefore, a summit that sticks closely to the script, has no open schisms, and ends with a reassuring declaration of unity is a diplomatic triumph. It scarcely seems to matter whether or not real progress is made toward solving the world's deep economic ills.

Even by that modest standard, few of the eight previous economic summits have been notable successes. The biggest debacle, of course, was last year's event at Versailles, where the host, President Mitterrand, found himself openly at ideological odds with his guests. Mitterrand's speech, a grandiose call for coordinated worldwide recovery based on reflation and futuristic technology, was greeted with indifference bordering on scorn. The only deep economic thinker at Versailles, Chancellor Schmidt, was under siege from his faithless coalition partners, the Free Democrats. Mrs. Thatcher was preoccupied with the Falklands, and an American vote in the U.N. waffling on support for the British—though apparently a communications bungle—had set a testy tone and embarrassed everyone.

Worse, the Versailles summit took place against a background of abiding differences of economic philosophy. The Europeans bitterly complained that their own recovery was being suffocated by high American interest rates. A chasm separated U.S. and European views on East-West trade. A bland communiqué served to paper over differences. President Reagan came home and announced a nonexistent agreement to limit commerce with the Soviets. Almost in chorus, leaders as ideologically diverse as Thatcher, Mitterrand, Schmidt, and Trudeau indignantly denied such a deal. And barely two weeks later, Mr. Reagan imposed his disastrous unilateral sanctions against European firms selling equipment for the Soviet gas pipeline.

Compared to Versailles, the Memorial Day summit meeting in Williamsburg will be a garden party. The Reagan Administration has taken great pains to keep expectations low and to "pre-negotiate" differences of posture. This year's innovations are to be of form, not policy. For the first time, as an experiment in controlled spontaneity, the leaders will have one session with no aides or Ministers in the room. There is to be no formal agenda. According to the State Department, there is not even any "predrafting of the final communiqué"—a fib of the check-is-in-the-mail variety. For in reality, this summit is as carefully choreographed as a Republican National Convention—and the policy pronouncement is likely to be safely Republican as well.

This year, as it happens, most of the world leaders at Williamsburg share Mr. Reagan's domestic political interest in a communiqué that conveys optimism, resolve, and above all unity. Just as the Reagan Administration hopes to benefit from a common declaration that recovery is indeed at hand, Mrs. Thatcher can use reassurance for a skeptical British electorate that her allies agree the worst of austerity is over. Chancellor Kohl is a third vote for staying the course. Prime Minister Nakasone comes to the summit eager mainly to head off trade retaliation or pressures to revalue the yen. And even President Mitterrand, the potential skunk at the picnic, will find it awkward to flay the Anglo-Saxons for their austerity economics this time, for he is the newest member of the austerity club.

THOUGH THE Williamsburg meeting has been advertised as an event without an agenda, diplomats have gone to great lengths to make sure that by the Memorial Day weekend differences will be narrowed, and that no major new initiatives will be launched. At the O.E.C.D. ministerial meeting in Paris two weeks ago, U.S. representatives backed down from previous demands that Western Europe curtail East-West trade. That concession, officials say, removed the thorniest political issue from the summit nonagenda.

The presummit bargaining also produced a superficial consensus on the divisive issue of economic growth. According to the Ministers' communiqué, the countries that have tamed inflation (presumably Britain, Germany, Japan, and the United States) should ease up on the brake, while those with high inflation rates (France, Italy, Canada, and most of Northern Europe) should continue deflating.

Similarly platitudinous, middle ground declarations were made by the Ministers on the key issues of Third World debt, exchange rates, and protectionism. The French momentarily spoiled the party by inviting the assembled officials to the Elysée to hear President Mitterrand call for "a new Bretton Woods," the shorthand term for a restoration of fixed exchange rates. Though Treasury Secretary Donald Regan has used identical words, nobody—not even the French—seriously expects the world to return to the pre-1971 regime of fixed rates based on the dominance of the dollar. Nor will the Japanese or the Germans permit their money to serve as reserve currencies. According to French diplomatic sources, Mr. Mitterrand will be pressing mainly for greater coordination by the key central banks to keep exchange rates from fluctuating so wildly.

Thus the stage has been set for a largely cosmetic sum-

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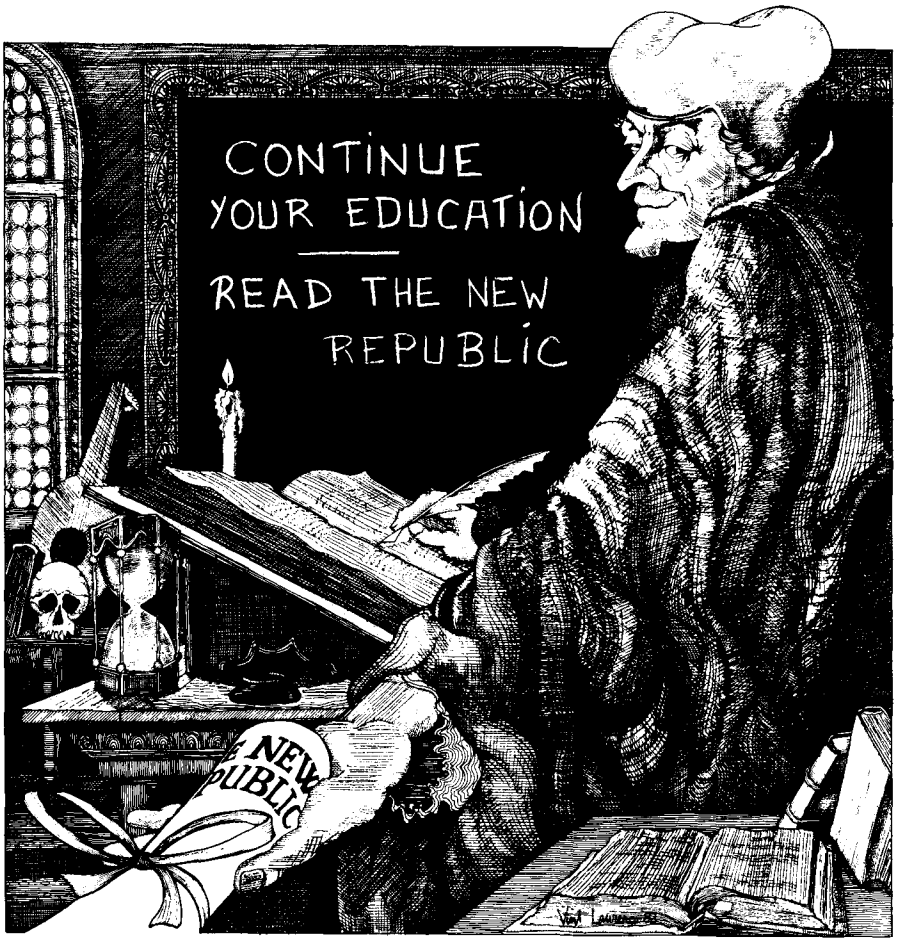

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mit at Williamsburg. Mr. Reagan will get his unity and the impression of support for his policies. But unity to what end? The price of this illusory harmony is that the most important issues simply won't be dealt with.

On most lists of the world's pressing economic woes, the key problems are these:

Economic recovery. As noted, the consensus position here is "a little less austerity." But most of Western Europe, especially the low countries and Scandinavia, which are extremely trade-dependent, desperately need a restoration of real growth. So does the Third World, which is staggered by the burden of debt. Neither group will be represented at the summit. The French, Italians, and Canadians do serve as a mild "growth bloc," but they are not prepared to force the issue, and in any case they are no match for the combined conventional wisdom of the big conservative four: America, Britain, Germany, and Japan. A coordinated strategy of economic stimulus, alas, is not in the cards.

In Europe and North America, there are now some 35 million people out of work. Throughout Western Europe, there is a well-founded impression that the Reagan Administration has no appreciation of what 10 percent unemployment has done to Western Europe's marvelous postwar social contract. There is widespread concern among moderate Europeans that slow growth, technology, and the pressures of high-tech trade from low-wage countries will conspire to keep domestic unemployment disastrously high, especially among the continent's dispirited and sullen young people. Unemployment is nowhere on the summit agenda.

Exchange rates. The very first economic summit, held in 1975 at Rambouillet at the instigation of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, was a temporarily successful attempt to do something about wildly fluctuating exchange rates. Since 1971, when the major nations abandoned the Bretton Woods system of fixed rates, floating rates have precipitated two different sorts of problems.

First, differences in the domestic monetary policies of nations often lead to severe currency misalignments. Right now, almost everyone agrees that the dollar is overvalued, and that this is due to the Federal Reserve's tight-money response to the big federal deficit. High interest rates in the United States have forced other nations to keep their own interest rates higher than they want. The dollar is especially overvalued in relation to the yen, which exacerbates our balance of trade problem.

Second, fluctuation itself has become a major element of economic destabilization. This is as good an example as any of the misapplication of textbook economics to practical problems. In theory, allowing rates to float freely permits them to reflect market conditions more accurately. But in practice, floating rates invite currency speculation and play havoc with long-term investment and marketing decisions by business firms. The competitiveness of American export products should not be governed by short-term fluctuations of the value of the dollar, but they are.

Ever since the first economic summit in 1975, the French have taken the lead in pressing for more concerted action by the key central banks to keep currency alignments more stable. Many American moderates, such as Princeton economist Peter Kenen, and former Carter Administration trade officials Robert Hormats and Harald Malmgren, believe that a fairly narrow zone of currency values should be agreed upon and that central banks and finance ministers should intervene in a concerted fashion to keep currencies within this zone.

It's an eminently reasonable proposal. But American conservatives suspect that France's real motive is to get other central banks into the habit of bailing out the falling franc. Anyway, nonintervention by central banks is an article of religious faith with officials at the U.S. Treasury. Chairman Volcker is a bit more flexible on the subject. Last year at Versailles, the leaders did agree to step up the pace of coordination slightly, and a few token meetings were held by finance ministers and central bankers to discuss rates, but there was no real policy coordination. Though the French will press for real progress on this front, they will be isolated at Williamsburg. Here again, we can expect an innocuous statement calling for stable exchange rates, but no effective machinery to make it happen.

Third World debt. Debt, recovery, and trade are heavily interrelated. The current consensus program for the Third World debt crisis is a modest increase in International Monetary Fund resources, heavy pressure on Western commercial banks to keep rolling over debt, and prayer. The oft-whispered fear is that a massive default by Brazil, Mexico, *et al.*, could unravel the entire Western banking system, since several of the biggest banks now have more than 200 percent of their equity capital tied up in shaky Third World loans.

Here again, a number of eminently moderate plans will get no serious hearing at Williamsburg. The proposals, by Felix Rohatyn, Professor Kenen, and Representative Charles E. Schumer of New York, among others, would deal realistically with the crisis by stretching out the massive Third World debt and refinancing it at lower interest rates—exactly the sort of "work out" that banks often give hard-pressed corporate borrowers. Punishing poor counties with high interest rates blocks any prospect of their long-term recovery, or of repayment of the debt. Despite the Reagan Administration's official stance of whistling past the graveyard, recession is only beginning to hit with full force in Mexico, Brazil, and elsewhere in the Southern Hemisphere. The conventional remedy of I.M.F. financing in exchange for I.M.F.-imposed austerity will only pull these nations deeper into recession and shrink their markets for the exports of the industrial North, whose own recovery is supposed to be just around the corner.

As an alternative to high-interest bank loans, the Third World also needs more concessionary financing from the multilateral development agencies. But the summiteers will entertain neither a restructuring of Third World debt

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nor a big increase in development loans. Expect instead a ringing endorsement of muddling through.

Trade. Superficially, Japan, Germany, and Britain share the Reagan Administration's enthusiasm for free trade. In all likelihood the summit will issue a strong condemnation of protectionism. However, most of Western Europe and Japan have a rather different practical definition of free trade. Europe has long relied on economic planning to allocate coal and steel production; it has a heavily subsidized common agricultural policy, and an unapologetic program of economic nationalism to limit wholesale import penetration by the Japanese. "We regard the Americans as our misguided cousins," a high official of the Common Market told me. "We consider the Japanese international outlaws."

Free trade, American-style, cannot countenance the subsidies and targeted development strategies of Japan and, to a lesser extent, of Europe. The most divisive trade issue, agricultural subsidies, will be kept off the Williamsburg agenda. Nor will there be any real progress toward reconciling differences on the other big contentious issue, East-West trade. Instead the Reagan Administration will settle for some nice generalizations about the virtues of free trade that can be used as ammunition against the United Auto Workers' domestic-content bill, but there will be no real progress toward establishing common trade standards, free or otherwise.

DO THE economic summits accomplish anything at all? "It is good to have these guys get together once a year just to talk," says one of the State Department summit planners. According to Robert Strauss, Jimmy Carter's special trade representative, the summit conferences of 1977 and 1978 laid important groundwork for the successful Tokyo Round of tariff reductions in 1979. "At Bonn, voices were raised and there was table-pounding" to get a common position on trade liberalization. But Harald Malmgren, formerly Strauss's deputy and now a respected international economics consultant, recently conducted a study of all eight summits, and found that summit rhetoric led to little practical follow-up. "Rather than having these meetings yearly, which serves mainly to spotlight differences," Malmgren says, "it might be better to wait for those moments when leaders feel they can actually achieve something."

The economic summit meetings do incur real diplomatic risks, not because of bold ambitions but because of modest ones. The void created by the absence of a real commitment to solve well-defined problems gets filled by domestic grandstanding, wounded national pride, and miscellaneous mischief by a bored junketeering press corps. This summit will be calmer than previous ones, but so what? The world doesn't need another declaration of vague principles. It needs a common program of coordinated economic stimulus, currency stabilization, and debt management. Fat chance.

The prudent summiteers have indulged in only one real gamble. The loose cannon at Williamsburg is not François Mitterrand but Ronald Reagan. Putting him unchaperoned into a roomful of seasoned European and European-style parliamentary leaders is an act of reckless caprice. Mr. Reagan has enough trouble keeping his lines straight on relatively simple subjects, such as whether to raise taxes. God knows what he'll blurt out when people like Mr. Mitterrand start pressing him on floating exchange rates.

BOB KUTTNER

A report on the 4th before it happens.

USA OKAY

Editors' Note: The following is an early rough draft of a Fourth of July piece being prepared by USA OKAY, "The Nation's Nicepaper." The manuscript came into our possession, in the form of a computer printout, through a serendipitous confluence of chance, luck, and seven hours of trash-rummaging by an intern. (The computer printout contains numerous comments and queries by USA OKAY editors, printed here in italics.)

(js: i went thru and left some initial ???s. i know this piece is too lng for us but it seems like we shud do something big, comprehensive, for this our first 4th, our nation's Nth. az) (AZ: I agree. But cut by half anyway. Get as much finished as you can before June 30. Also, find out which 4th of J it is and work into second how-we've-changed-since-the-Bicentennial-where-are-the-Tall-Ships-today graf. Overall, though, looks good. JS)

Fourth of July American, coast to coast and beyond, wherever we are being what we are most and do best: Americans. *(nice)*

The French celebrate Bastille Day, the *(etc. etc . . . need some other nations with their own 4ths. avoid Russia, China, etc., and what does Israel celebrate? have our strained ties with them healed yet? and haven't Brits started cebbing the 4th? or something?) (don't think so. checking on Israel. think ties still healing.)*

But no country brings in the 4th like us *(confused. us mean "us" or "U.S."? and is that really such a big deal that nobody cebs our own holiday like us?) (I think so)*, and yesterday Americans from Firecracker, Maine *(check)*, to Hot Dog, New Mexico *(incorporate)*, from a Coast Guard cutter guarding the easternmost border of our Atlantic waters *(?)* to the *(Hawaiian whatever, still recovering from volcanic 'fireworks' earlier this year that claimed the lives of XX etc. etc. etc. . . .)* while 1984 Olympic fever, and controversy, continues to build, the nation prepares to elect its chief executive, and maintains a happy year-long love affair with a wrinkly little fella named *(Gandhi? Whitey Herzog? haha)*

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(keep jokes out of this file) "E.T."

(how about a feach on greater efficiency of our X time zones as opposed to the Russians' XX?) (that's because their country is bigger. better not mention.)

Patriotism, military schools, and military toys, are back *(still back? they were already back last summer.) (think still back. checking) . . . (list of other things that are back) (shud we extend this into an "in/out" feach?) (save for New Year's, but how about a feach on funnily named towns like turkeyroost mountain, texas?) (have done twice but shud be okay by then.)*

And this year, more even than last, more of us are more American than we *(have been? don't get) (will tinker with).* Most of us are still caucasian *(caps?),* although a growing percentage of us are black, Hispanic, or *(other).* More than half of us are still women, and for most—66 percent—baseball is still the national pastime *(thought football was now) (only in winter).* And, according to the Census Bureau, one in five of us are now children in this country under 18 who lived in a single-parent household in 1980-81, and nearly half will do so before we *(they?) (them)* are 18 *(before them are 18?) (will fix) (starts to wander here, but you get idea. we'll tighten up with what is available then. we're supposed to get some stuff about adult continuing education participation then from the National Center for Education Something) (will partic. be found to be going up? how bout a "We Are Getting Smarter" sidebar? also: Why are we putting this stuff in this article?) (why not?) (okay, but break into 5 grafs)*

MONDAY, JULY 4, 1983
NEWSLINE
THE NATION'S NEWSPAPER
USA OKAY
VIA SATELLITE
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Good news from everywhere
Weather across the USA
Rain, shine
Scoreboard
Some win, some lose
Happy Birthday, USA!
Hot dogs, fireworks, and a renewed sense of who we are in a land that allows us to be who we are best—unique
We're Tired
Another week of work and play leaves millions of us [yawn] bushed and ready for a holiday break
USA TODAY

BY KENNY GRADY AND ALEX HEARD FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In ALABAMA, they still love the "guvnah," and *(so on . . . 50-state celebration wrap-up here) (keep to 100 lines). . . .*

But on the darker side, we're also smoking more. This year we purchased a record XXX.X billions cigarettes, up from *(whatever).*

And along with cigarettes, drinking. This Independence Day, a lot of us drove drunk. Indeed, experts at local law enforcement officials say *(blah, blah).*

And that means more Americans in our typically shrinking households—the U.S. Bureau of the Census *(second ref.)* reports *(when?)* that the average household had 2.72 persons, down 2.76 from in the same month in 1980 *(does this contradict stuff above?)*—are drinking—XXX,XXX more of us, in fact, according to *(the drug-alcohol guys.) (easy on this stuff re cig-booze ads, and tighten.)*

And that could mean more of us are alcoholics. *(get somebody to say it could also not mean that) (agree)*

"Alcohol remains a serious national problem, and I *don't* think parents should simply sigh and say, 'Well, at least they're not taking drugs,' because they are: alcohol *is* a drug, a serious national disease—and they—the nation's XXX million parents *(don't forget guardians and singles)*—need to remind themselves that the next time they decide to 'take a drink' to 'unwind.' " *(get somebody to say.)*

(get somebody to give balance quote? isn't alcohol good for us in some way? didn't they find it actually helps our livers or something?) (don't think so, but will check.)

Still, it is unlikely the Fed will have a role in this growing national problem.

As *(beleaguered/struggling/outgoing/frontrunning incumbent)* President Ronald Reagan said about the country's Battle with the Bottle *(replace if he sez something new)*: "It's a tragedy. But—I know there's been a lot of jaw-flapping and—I know that what we're talking about here is going to meet some resistance—but—and that's what we're really talking about, resistance, will power—it's gonna have to be solved that way, at home, in the family, and—ya know, it's time we stopped restricting the discussion to the crybabies who've had their say for the past 50 years and if someone—now myself, I'm the product of the—well, my dad drank you all know—but despite what they'll tell you I don't have anything against—but it's about time the government stopped footing the bill for the kinds of social programs that government has always—which, I'm told, is about 8 percent, at least it has been since we took office, and we hope to keep doing more to make it—the percentage—less—because if people want to drive drunk—and I'm against that—it should be done at the state and local level, that is, the programs." *(cut to four lines.)*

Are you an alcoholic? Take this simple test: *(put in 4-color martini graphic.)*

—If you're at a dinner party and your hostess produces *(some kinda expensive booze),* do you feel "obligated" to take a glass?

—Do you have to drink to "have fun" on New Year's Eve and at parties? On New Year's Day, do you suffer headaches, lapses of memory, and remorse while you watch Holiday football with millions of Americans?

—After you've worked in the yard all day, or played 12 innings of softball on an August afternoon with *(say number or is that overkill?) (yes)* Americans from *(a couple sports-*

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named towns), do you find yourself needing a "tall cold one"? *(these questions from the expert guy at SMU) (he drunk when he made them up? these questions pretty hard. can we get a new guy?)*

If you answered YES to any of these questions, call *(somebody)*.

Perhaps, some say, more people are drinking because 1984 is just around the corner *(see ORWELL sidebar, 50 lines) (too long.)* Indeed:

—Our dollar is buying less but we're purchasing more with it than when Eric Blair wrote his anti-utopian classic. *(What? Who Eric Blair?)*

—Book-banning is on the rise, and our kids are learning less.

—Robots are replacing people.

On the other hand, some say:

—Dictionaries are getting fatter, and contain more words.

—More of us have the time and money to take vacations *(only if We Are Seeing America) (we are. see last Monday's ish.)*

—Huge conglomerates are helping defuse rampant nationalism.

—Etc.

(next thing belong here? could be sent to sports?) (me kind of like here. brings this piece together, gives a needed light touch)

"Beer's my favorite," on the 4th or after a tough match, says tennis bad-boy John McEnroe *(isn't he a reformed bad-boy now?) (not yet)* when he's eating pizza *(something wrong with this sentence)*. Here are 5 of the tennis ace's favorite ways to eat it:

Fold 'n' Shove: fold the pizza, push in mouth, and "work toward your hand."

Enchilada Roll: roll the slice like the tasty Mexican treat served all over the Southwest *(and, increasingly, elsewhere?)*, and eat.

Match point: serve pies on tennis racquets; leap over table when finished *(this one's silly)*.

The Linesman: don't eat, but throw, the pizza at some stupid jerk blind ref *(they call them umps?) (yes, and where is 5th way?) (checking)*.

(See "Beach-to-Beach 4th Pix," page tk) *(etc. How about going ahead and having these taken Memorial Day? Can we do that?) (Sounds okay to me.)*

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard has written for *Harper's*, *The New Yorker*, and THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Can the whole be more than the sum of its parts?

MONDALE'S CHOICE

BY HAMILTON JORDAN

ONE OF THE MOST memorable things Walter Mondale ever said was his quip about why he dropped out of the 1976 campaign. "I don't want to be President badly enough," he said, "to live in Holiday Inns for four years." Well, that's not his problem anymore. At 55, Mondale has a hungry look in his eye. He's at the starting block, suited up and beaming with what appears to be the genuine confidence of a man who knows who he is and where he is going. He's working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. His campaign chests are brimming and his campaign organization is humming. The 1984-model Fritz Mondale, in fact, looks like a man who would rather be in a Holiday Inn than anywhere else on earth, unless it's a Hyatt Regency.

Without question, Mondale has the political handlers, the fundraisers, and the network necessary for organizing a Presidential campaign. He has assembled a talented team of young veterans who won their battle scars in the trenches of recent Presidential campaigns. Jim Johnson, 39, who served as Mondale's personal aide during the White House years, is the buttoned-down, undisputed field marshal. John Reilly, 55, a Washington lawyer and longtime friend, is Mondale's peer and all-purpose adviser. Johnson and Reilly work in tandem. They focus on the big decisions but are not too busy to dabble in the day-to-day problems, to talk with reporters, or to meet with politicians. Bob Beckel—at 34 an experienced, skilled political operative—has the title of campaign manager, and may yet transform the Johnson-Reilly partnership into a troika. Becky McGowan, who joined Mondale's campaign staff in 1981 and earlier worked for him in the White House, is deputy campaign manager; she travels with Mondale and serves as his personal assistant. Old Mondale hands Richard Moe and Michael Berman are back in private life practicing law, but come around often to advise on politics and fundraising. Nate Landow, a Maryland businessman and successful Democratic fundraiser, has spent much of the last two years putting together the people and events that have resulted in Mondale's substantial fundraising advantage over all the other candidates. Tim Finchem, a new-

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comer, has made his mark developing and implementing the fundraising plan.

Nevertheless, Mondale's grip on the front-runner spot—let alone the nomination—is fragile. Mondale has always been favored by other politicians, who admire him for his skill, his caution, his consistency, and his zest for the game. In 1960 he was appointed to serve as Attorney General of Minnesota. Four years later he was elevated to the United States Senate when Hubert Humphrey became L.B.J.'s Vice President, and in 1976 he was chosen to run for Vice President himself. But Mondale has never been the first choice of the voters. And his most conspicuous qualification for office—his thirty years' experience in the stratosphere of American politics—looms today as a major obstacle to his being President. He tends to be viewed exclusively through the prism of his political history. Many liberals see him as a hired gun who blindly supported Jimmy Carter's efforts to balance the budget, increase defense spending, and temper the Democratic Party's traditional commitment to an ambitious domestic agenda. Conservatives and many Southerners view him as the reincarnation of Hubert Humphrey—an impression sometimes reinforced by Mondale's rhetoric and by the Humphreyesque cadences of his speaking style. They see him as a 1960s liberal running in the 1980s—after many well-intentioned Democratic programs have failed to meet their promise.

HAVING LIVED in the shadow of other politicians all of his political career, Mondale now faces his greatest challenge: to develop his own political identity, to be more than Hubert Humphrey's protégé and Jimmy Carter's Vice President. If he fails to establish in the minds of the American people a clear impression of who Fritz Mondale is and what he thinks and feels, his candidacy can never develop a rationale or theme. If we never understand the man, we will never be able to understand his dream. Voters will not support a candidacy that is seen as only the extension of the policies and personality of someone else—especially when that someone else is no longer popular, as Hubert Humphrey himself learned in 1968.

Theoretically, Mondale's diverse experience in government and politics provides him with the ideal credentials to lead the Democratic ticket. His early years at Humphrey's side gave him an education in progressive ideals while he honed his political skills and developed relationships with those groups in the party that exert disproportionate influence in the nomination process. His twelve years in the U.S. Senate spanned the good intentions of the Great Society, the agony of Vietnam, and the embarrassment of Watergate. He saw his mentor and hero Hubert Humphrey humiliated by a jealous Lyndon Johnson, begrudgingly awarded the nomination of a divided party, and ultimately denied the Presidency. Most of all, Mondale's four years as the most active Vice President in American history gave him a knowledge of the Presidency that no previous aspirant to that office has ever had. Mondale was there—reading the memos, attending the meetings, sharing the triumphs and the disappointments—as the Chief Executive he served tried to reconcile the old dreams of the Democratic Party with the new realities facing the country.

Much will be made in the coming campaign of Mondale's service as Vice President. Supporters of the other candidates are already rolling their eyes and saying that if Mondale is nominated, Reagan will hold him accountable for everything that people didn't like about the Carter Administration. Mondale partisans counter that his White House years gave him unparalleled experience to be President. Furthermore, they say, since their man observed Carter's mistakes close up, he would not repeat them.

Actually, most Carter partisans feel warmly toward Mondale. Others—like former Attorney General Griffin Bell, who has written, "Moving the Vice President into the White House had a profound and adverse impact on the Carter Presidency"—believe that Mondale used his influence to thwart the conservative instincts of his boss. In a sense Bell is right. But in tempering—not thwarting—Carter's more conservative inclinations, Mondale was doing what Carter had encouraged him to do. (See "Mondale on Mondale," by Morton Kondracke, TNR, April 4.)

Two months before the 1976 Democratic Convention, I wrote the first memo to nominee Jimmy Carter that urged Mondale's selection as Vice President. Despite the anti-establishment rhetoric of the primary campaign, I knew, and Jimmy Carter knew, that he needed an experienced Senator as his running mate and as his Vice President. Fritz Mondale had a good relationship with the political and press communities, and, most important, a perspective different than Carter and most of us around him. Mondale was chosen to run with Carter precisely *because* he was a product of the Washington establishment, was from a different area of the country, and represented the other wing of the Democratic Party.

My office in the White House was next to Mondale's, and he would frequently pop in, sleeves rolled up, cigar in his mouth, smiling and quipping. He is a funny man (his sense of humor will serve him well as a candidate), and a shrewd one. In the White House he played his cards wisely. He refused to get dragged into every problem, saving himself for the issues where he thought the President was making the wrong decision, getting poor advice, or not getting the full picture.

SOME ARGUE that Mondale's role in the Carter White House was mostly "political." It is true that Mondale and his staff were often our political "early warning system" when there were problems with Congress or the interest groups, but that was largely a result of the fact that these people and groups had had a long relationship with Mondale and felt comfortable bringing their concerns to him. And Mondale might not have had constantly to play that role if President Carter had been more sensitive to political considerations.

Mondale's role as Vice President was real. He was the only person in the White House other than the President

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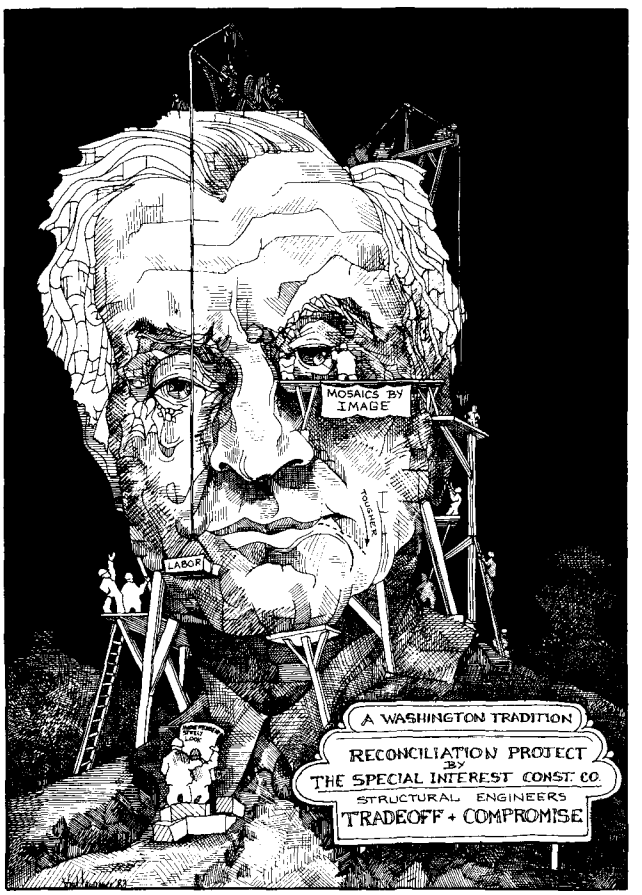
who saw the "PDB"—the President's Daily Briefing. This document, which contained the country's most secret information, was compiled overnight, hand delivered to the White House, and carried by the President's secretary every morning in a red folder from the Oval Office down the hall to Mondale's office. Mondale got a copy of every domestic and foreign policy memo given to the President, and was automatically included in all substantive meetings and discussions. He saw, read, heard, and was privy to virtually everything that was available to the President. Carter made it plain from the very first day that everyone who worked in the White House had two bosses, the President and the Vice President. That admonition was heeded.

Jimmy Carter gave Fritz Mondale the opportunity to be the first fully involved Vice President in the history of the country. Mondale took advantage of the opportunity and tried to influence Administration policy, and that was just how Carter wanted it. To the extent people blame Mondale for pursuing his own "agenda," he was only doing what he had been urged to do from the outset by the President.

In the second and third years of the Carter Presidency, Mondale's visits to my office became more frequent, and we talked often about our growing political problems. Mondale was fond of saying that every President needs a "political safety net" provided by the constituent groups of his party. "When the people turn sour on you, these constituent groups in the party can prop you up, keep you alive, and see you through the tough times."



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Today the conventional wisdom is that Mondale's tenure as Vice President is a political albatross. But I have never heard of anyone anywhere saying that he or she is against Mondale because he was Carter's Vice President, and I have heard quite a few people say that they favor Mondale because of his "vast experience." From my perspective, Mondale had the best of both worlds politically. On the one hand, he can claim to be the most experienced candidate in the race, and most of the constituent groups in the Party give Mondale credit for carrying their message inside the Carter Administration. On the other hand, I don't know of a single important constituent group that opposes Walter Mondale because of Carter Administration policy or actions.

Fritz Mondale's need to establish his own political identity is complicated by the fact that his rise in the Democratic Party has tracked the proliferation of the special interest groups, which increasingly dominate both the Congress and the national elections. When Hubert Humphrey first sought the Presidency, the Democratic Party was an already worn-out coalition of big-city machines, the "solid South," and several groups (the "Roosevelt coalition") that could be dealt with politically through a handful of leaders. Two decades later, political power in the Democratic Party is far more fragmented, the big-city machines have crumbled, the South is no longer solid, and there are scores of diverse groups to please. Because Fritz Mondale never had tough races to run in Minnesota, and functioned most of his political life in Congress and in Washington, the "voters" that he has had to satisfy have been the many moving parts of the Democratic Party. After numerous months on the campaign trail, an appropriate question to ask is: How does Fritz Mondale view the Democratic electorate? Does he view the Democratic Party as a collection of groups and organizations that represent people? Or does he see the electorate as people, some of whom belong to groups?

It is a subtle but important distinction. For the American people want a leader, not a ringmaster. And to the extent the Mondale campaign views the party as an amalgam of interest groups and shapes a political rope-a-dope strategy to bob and weave and dodge the many contradictory demands of the interest groups, trying to please everyone a little bit, Walter Mondale will not emerge from the contest as a whole person, but will end up looking instead like a mosaic of the many groups in the party.

The fact that Mondale has not yet established a clear identity points up another problem. If you look at the nomination battles in both parties for the past twenty years, you find two common traits among the ultimate winners: each had an intensity of support in the key primary states that offset lack of money, name recognition, and other liabilities; and each took risks on issues and/or strategy. It is difficult to discern either quality in the Mondale compaign at this stage.

The Mondale candidacy today is a pleasant notion to the Democratic Party elite. It is marked by good advance work

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(there are invariably courtesy calls to the right people in the early stages of planning a trip) topped off by a smiling, well-briefed candidate who calls the local politicians by name and touches the right local issues. The support Mondale gets among members of the Party elite is almost a celebration of the art of politics, and his personal attractiveness reinforces the comfortable feeling his candidacy gives them. For if he campaigns this way—returning their calls and sending them autographed pictures—why, then there is a chance that he will govern that way, listening to their ideas and problems, even inviting them to the White House, right?

But beyond this very pleasant feeling about the Mondale candidacy lie some critical questions. Are there small groups of people in Iowa, New Hampshire, Alabama, and New Mexico ready to fight and die for Fritz Mondale? Can he find the message and strike the theme that stirs that passion and creates the intensity that has been the hallmark of successful Presidential campaigns? Can Fritz Mondale make the voters feel as good about him as the politicians do?

In the early stages of the primary contest, the interest of the pundits and politicians is limited to: "Can he win?" But when a candidate takes a giant step toward winning the nomination and is viewed increasingly as a possible President, larger questions are inevitably raised about his fitness to sit in the Oval Office. In 1960 the question was Kennedy's religion. In 1964 it was Goldwater's bellicose rhetoric. In 1968 it was Nixon's image as a "loser"; in 1972, McGovern's "radicalism"; in 1976, Jimmy Carter's "fuzziness" on the issues; and in 1980, Ronald Reagan's age and right-wing rhetoric.

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS facing the Mondale campaign has been that the candidate is perceived as being so far ahead of the pack so early in the race that these larger questions about his fitness for the Presidency are already taking shape. The basic concern about a Mondale Presidency is expressed in different ways. One governor who is leaning to Mondale asks, "Can Fritz say 'no'?" A bureau chief for a major newspaper privately muses, "I love Fritz Mondale and will vote for him, but is he tough enough?" These Mondale fans are asking if their friend Fritz is capable of standing up to the interest groups that are so much a part of his own background and political experience. After the inevitable trade-offs and compromises, will there be enough of Fritz Mondale left to lead us where we need to go? Will Fritz Mondale be his own man? In the months ahead, that fundamental question must be addressed by the Mondale campaign time and time again.

It is a delicious irony that our capital city questions Walter Mondale's alleged lack of "toughness" in dealing with the very special interests which hold that city hostage. For in questioning Mondale's toughness, Washington will be questioning its own—indeed, will be questioning what it is all about. It is a city that places a premium on the art of compromise ("You get along by going along," as Sam Rayburn used to say), and Walter Mondale is considered one of the masters of the art. Talk to Democrats or Republicans, members of the press, the lobbyists, or the movers and shakers in the political community, and you hear the same words used to describe Mondale: "decent," "able," "predictable," and, over and over, "he knows how the system works"—shorthand for "he recognizes how important I am/my interest is."

The problems that Mondale faces at this stage are vague because they have to do with "perception," with "the mood of the country." And at a time when he is so far ahead in the polls, in political organization, and in fundraising, it is difficult to accept these amorphous problems as being particularly serious. Nevertheless, Mondale's problems—his need to develop his own personal and political identity, the perception (fair or not) that his candidacy is entangled in the web of special interests, and his need to develop an intensity of support—are enough to create a nagging doubt about his candidacy.

Mondale can solve this confluence of problems by doing a single thing: sticking his neck out. Only by taking some chances on issues can he prove that he is very much his own man. A large and admiring audience is just waiting for Fritz Mondale to demonstrate that he is not a clone of Humphrey or Carter, that he is an experienced politician with his own deep convictions, and that ultimately, while having to placate the forces in the party, he is not going to let them dominate either his campaign or his Presidency.

How to accomplish this? It won't be easy, because once a public perception settles in, it is difficult to change. Johnny Carson still gets laughs with jokes about Gerald Ford bumping his head, Chappaquiddick will haunt Ted Kennedy for the rest of his life, and people will never stop asking me if I snort cocaine. To change a perception requires more than nibbling at a problem day after day—it requires large bites that simultaneously challenge and undermine the perception. The perception of Walter Mondale as the captive of special interests will not be changed by denying it, or by taking a series of half measures, or by adding a line to his standard stump speech saying that we have to think of ourselves as Americans and not just as members of this or that group. No, Mondale will need to find more concrete ways to establish his political independence.

NO ONE CAN PREDICT exactly what those ways might be, or just what opportunities will be created by events as the campaign progresses. Mondale might look for the right occasion, say, to call for the abolition of some Great Society program that he has always supported but that has failed to meet its promise; or to put some distance between himself and the West Bank settlements policy of Prime Minister Begin's government in Israel; or to support President Reagan on a foreign policy issue. And one thing Walter Mondale could do sooner rather than later would be to pay a visit to Lane Kirkland, who is a plain-spoken, pragmatic man, and tell him that though

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he certainly wants the support of working people and their leaders, he would rather not have the official prenomination endorsement of the AFL-CIO. If Kirkland remains unconvinced, Mondale should go over the primary and caucus schedule with him, and point out that he already knows all the labor leaders in Iowa (the first caucus state), that labor is not a factor in Maine (the second caucus state) or New Hampshire (the first primary state), and that being labeled "the labor candidate" will hurt him in the crucial third week, when at least seven Southern states select delegates. If Fritz Mondale's longtime friends in the labor movement won't give him the running room he needs to win the nomination, how can he expect them to provide the support he needs to govern?

A year ago, official Washington was belittling Fritz Mondale's candidacy and his chances. More recently it has been preparing for his coronation. The Mondale campaign was never as shaky as it was thought to be then, and it is probably not as strong as it's thought to be now. A serious political challenge to Mondale has not yet materialized, and perhaps it won't. But if Walter Mondale is the inevitable nominee of his party and mine, I hope that he does not coast easily to the nomination on the sheer strength of fundraising, endorsements, and phone calls. For if he is not challenged seriously in the primary, he will never have to rise above and reconcile the many contradictions of the Democratic Party. And better that those differences be reconciled in the primaries and caucuses, in the fields of Iowa and Alabama and the factory lines of New Hampshire and Detroit, than in a national campaign against Ronald Reagan.

Will the Mondale candidacy merely emphasize our differences? Or will it transcend those differences and unite us for the general election and the challenge of governing? If his candidacy becomes nothing more than a reflection of the contradictions of the Democratic Party, it will ultimately be doomed. But when the Mondale for President campaign begins to receive troubled calls from the "Washington representatives" of organized America, complaining that he has ignored their interest, Walter Mondale will be on his way to forging a political coalition that can win—and can govern.

Maybe there's a difference, but he's not articulating it.

GLENN'S POTENTIAL

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

THE BEST RATIONALE for John Glenn's candidacy for President was stated by James Reston on April 23, just after Glenn's declaration speech in New Concord, Ohio. Reston wrote:

> In the last half of the 1980s, this country is clearly going to have to face a vast reappraisal and transformation of its national life, affecting the condition of its old industries, the computerization of its business and education, the relations of the American government to the American people and to its allies, adversaries, and the hungry majority of the human family.
>
> This is not likely to be a passing phase that can be handled by the rigid ideologies of right or left, but will require a great national, cooperative, flexible, pragmatic, bipartisan effort.
>
> Americans are just beginning to sense that something unprecedented has happened, requiring new and different ways of looking at the problem of leadership in the White House, Congress, and many other institutions.
>
> In this sense, Senator Glenn's independence and his appeal beyond the lobbies and party dogma may not be his weakness, but his strength. Unlike Mr. Mondale, who is betting on the support of labor and the rising power of blacks and Hispanics, Senator Glenn is casting his net much wider into the business community and the growing body of independents, weary alike of New Deal slogans and Mr. Reagan's comfortable illusions and easy cheerfulness.

Unfortunately for James Reston and all others who yearn for a strong centrist candidate, John Glenn is not delivering on his potential. He has yet to define his candidacy clearly or to show—implicitly or explicitly—how it differs from Walter Mondale's. Mondale remains ahead in organizational strength, support in most of the polls, and money, and though Glenn's people claim their man is much better positioned than Mondale to win a general election, Glenn has yet to prove that or to show how he can get the Democratic nomination first. It's fashionable to disparage the Democratic interest groups—and Mondale for allegedly being their prisoner—but the fact is that the people in those groups remain the building blocks of the Democratic Party. The candidate of James Reston's dreams—mine, too—would appeal to Democrats (and Americans) on a basis other than their interest group interests, and would draw them into a larger national

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consensus. John Glenn may still become such a candidate, but at the moment he isn't.

On one basic level of analysis, there is nothing in a Glenn campaign speech that is not also in a Mondale speech. Each attacks Reagan's recession, his budget deficits, and his record of unfairness, and usually Mondale does so with more humor and passion. Each presents a similar Democratic alternative program: reduce deficits by deferring the third year of Reagan's tax cuts and canceling tax indexing, spend a lot more money on education, feed the hungry, put the E.R.A. in the Constitution, reinvigorate (and protect) old industries and put more money into high-tech research and development, promote exports, negotiate a nuclear weapons freeze with the Soviets and go on to talk about reductions. Each is against building the MX missile and giving aid to anti-Sandinista guerrillas in Nicaragua. Each concludes his speeches with an evocation of America's heritage as a community, rather than as a collection of individuals.

NOWHERE IN A GLENN SPEECH does the candidate make any attempt to differentiate himself from his major opponent—either by saying openly, "That is where Mondale stands and this is where I stand" or even by staking out positions clearly distinguishable from Mondale's. One of Glenn's key advisers acknowledges, "This is a problem, a flaw in our system. I've talked to Glenn about it, but he says, 'I am not going to assault any of my Democratic colleagues. I'll tell people what my positions are and let them decide if I'm different and if they prefer me.' This is the kind of guy Glenn is. I agree that he ought to make his differences more apparent, but he won't."

Glenn's staff does try to do what Glenn won't. According to his press secretary, Greg Schneiders, "Glenn is more in the center of the Democratic Party and the political spectrum than Mondale is. In basic philosophy, he tends to be moderate and pragmatic and looks for balance. That accounts for some of our problems with interest groups." Glenn staff members point out that he voted against organized labor on common situs picketing legislation (Mondale was and is for it), and that he does not rule out (nor does Mondale) competency testing or merit pay for teachers, which are opposed by teachers' unions. They point out that Glenn favors a defense spending increase of up to 7 percent per year (as opposed to the 4 percent voted by the House that Mondale says provides a good basis for negotiation). And they note that Glenn recently told a union audience that he supported protectionist domestic content legislation only reluctantly, and said to students in Iowa that nuclear power was the safest source of energy yet devised (though currently not the most economical). There are some differences here with Mondale, but they tend to be more in degree than in kind.

A voting analysis done for the *National Journal* and *The Baron Report* does show that among the four Democratic candidates who are Senators, Glenn's overall record is closest to the Democratic center. On forty-nine key votes selected by fourteen different rating organizations, Alan Cranston received a 90 percent liberal rating (fourth highest in the Senate after Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Donald Riegle, and Paul Sarbanes), Gary Hart, 87; Glenn, 77; and Ernest Hollings, 66. However, on economic issues, Glenn was the most liberal of the four, with an 89. He was the most conservative on foreign policy and defense issues and a moderate on social issues. (Mondale, who has not been a Senator since 1976, was not rated.)

Although some members of Glenn's campaign staff are troubled by his refusal to differentiate himself from Mondale, others are not. "I don't see it as a problem," says Greg Schneiders. "I think Glenn's right in thinking that voters perceive the differences. In the South, for example, people know that a President Glenn would act differently on defense and foreign policy from either a Mondale or the Reagan Administration—more centrist."

WITHOUT GLENN'S spelling it out, his campaign clearly hopes to benefit from the so-called "interest group issue," turning Mondale's strength among Hispanics, blacks, Jews, teachers, government employees, labor, and other constituencies into an advantage for Glenn. Some aides say that Glenn is personally offended by Mondale's courting of special interests and is determined not to do it himself, both because he finds it a distasteful activity and because he believes it would limit his ability to govern the country. "Glenn may not get the endorsement of the N.E.A. and the AFL-CIO," one aide said, "but that will help him with centrists and independents around the country. Glenn is not running against the interest groups, and he's not using them as shills to make a point about his independence. But he does tend to be independent and moderate and centrist."

According to Glenn's political director, Joseph Grandmaison, "Our strongest advantage is also our greatest disadvantage. The uniqueness of Glenn's candidacy is that he is not viewed as a politician. It's a tremendous advantage in the general election and in a primary election, too. All over the country, Mondale's people are trying to get states to convert from primary elections to precinct caucuses as the means of choosing delegates. They are right in their perception that the fewer people participating, the better off they are. This suggests that they recognize their November election problem. Mondale has a huge network of people around the country who've worked with him over the years. I envy that. But at the same time, the career that got him the network also saddles him with the reputation of being political. The Mondale organization tends to be the Democratic power structure in the community. The question is, can it deliver? Glenn's strength is that most 1984 candidates would prefer to have Glenn at the top of the ticket."

If that's true, it has yet to translate into any great outpouring of endorsements from congressional or other candidates. Mondale has been publicly endorsed by at least twenty members of Congress so far, Glenn by far fewer. Poll results among rank-and-file Democrats show a mixed—even confusing—picture. A *Los Angeles Times* poll

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on May 15 showed that Glenn had suddenly pulled ahead of Mondale, 28 percent to 26 percent, after trailing just a month ago 34 to 17. A poll by the New York firm of Penn & Schoen showed Mondale leading Glenn by 36 to 24 among Democrats, a four-point gain for Glenn. The same poll showed that Glenn had widened his lead over President Reagan since February from 45–41 to 50–37, while Mondale increased his lead from 44–43 to 46–42. Penn & Schoen also found that black activist Jesse Jackson got 9 percent of all Democratic votes, but 42 percent among black Democrats—all at Mondale's expense. Mondale staff members point out, however, that Jackson has a long way to go from demonstrating support in a poll to actually organizing, funding, and mounting a candidacy that blacks would find credible enough to support.

In contrast to the generally good news for Glenn from *The Los Angeles Times* and Penn & Schoen, Lou Harris has conducted a poll showing Mondale at 51 percent to Glenn's 25 percent among Democrats. In February Harris showed Mondale ahead 41 to 17. The ABC-*Washington Post* poll in April showed Reagan beating both Glenn and Mondale by one point. Mondale supporters say that the *L.A. Times* poll is just wrong and that others showing progress for Glenn are the result of publicity from his announcement swing. Glenn supporters say the polls' importance is that they dissipate the air of inevitability around Mondale's campaign.

GLENN DOES APPEAR to be making progress on the organizational front, although most political professionals think that Mondale remains far ahead. Glenn's national headquarters is now fully staffed, as Mondale's has been for some time, but as Grandmaison says, " 'Organization' does not mean people in Washington. It means people in the field." He said that Glenn now has three full-time staff workers in Iowa, two in New Hampshire, and one each in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Ohio, Wisconsin, and California. Mondale has a field staff of twenty-five, including eight paid workers in Iowa and four in New Hampshire. The Glenn people concede that Mondale is well ahead in organizing some key states, but Grandmaison says, "The test is not whether you have an organization now, but whether you have one when you need it. We are building a national campaign to compete in every state, and we will have it when we need it."

Still, state by state and group by group, it's Mondale who consistently shows strength at the moment. Mondale won the Massachusetts Democratic convention's straw poll; Glenn finished fourth. In Texas Glenn has endorsements from Lieutenant Governor Bill Hobby, former Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes, and several wealthy fundraisers; but a statewide poll conducted for Representative Kent Hance (who is thinking about running for the Senate) shows Mondale 3 points ahead of Glenn among Democrats, and both Democrats 20 points behind Reagan. Texas selects its 200 delegates in precinct caucuses scattered throughout the state's 254 counties, putting a premium on organization and giving the advantage to Mondale. Elsewhere in the South, Mondale won handily in straw polls conducted at Tennessee Jefferson-Jackson Day dinners this winter. More important, Tennessee is another state that will choose its delegates by caucus. Wisconsin also is debating a switch. In California, the state with the biggest bloc of delegates, 345, the Field Poll shows Mondale ahead with 35 percent to 31 for Cranston and Glenn at 14.

ONE INTEREST GROUP that Glenn has been working on is Jews, especially after it was disclosed in *New York Magazine* that Glenn twice urged negotiations with the Palestine Liberation Organization. During the past four months, Glenn has addressed several Jewish gatherings, although a series of scheduling snafus caused him to miss a session of the National Bipartisan Political Action Committee, offending some of the forty fundraisers who make up its board. One board member said, "Glenn has a lot of work to do with the Jews. They are very uneasy about him. Minorities have a way of nosing out somebody who is not for them, and that's the way a lot of them feel about Glenn right now." A Glenn supporter concedes that "Glenn's relationship with the American Jewish community is going to have to be evolutionary, but it is headed in the right direction."

And he says the same is true across the country. "I can feel it. Glenn is getting stronger and Mondale is getting weaker. People know that Mondale will never be President. He may win the nomination, but he'll never be President." At the same time, however, this Glenn supporter says, "Every place I go, Mondale has got the party machinery in hand. People tell me, 'I want to help you, but I'm committed to Mondale. He helped me when he was in the White House.' " Glenn's man is hoping that though party leaders are for Mondale, their followers will be for Glenn.

But for that to happen, for Glenn to win over the people of the Democratic Party and of America, he is going to have to do better than he is doing. Right now he is saying the same things that Mondale is saying, and not saying them as well. His supporters are claiming that his aura of independence from interest groups and his (as yet unproved) superiority as a general election candidate will give him an eventual advantage over Mondale. But the Democratic Party's rank-and-file has rarely been willing to follow a candidate based on simple claims of superior electability. Traditionally, Democrats have wanted to be enthusiastic about their nominee—either as a personality or about his cause. In theory, a candidate like John Glenn could arouse excitement on the basis of independence and dedication to a national interest that transcends selfish special interests. Unfortunately, the reality of John Glenn's candidacy does not yet live up to its theoretical possibilities. For it to do so, Glenn will have to do more than vaguely represent some sense of the national interest; he will have to enunciate it. At the moment, the closest he can come is to promise that as President he will appoint a commission to study what America's goals should be.

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The Acoustic Detection

Scientists have studied microstructural discontinuities in high-carbon steel since the early 1920s. By monitoring acoustic emissions, a materials research engineer at the General Motors Research Laboratories has arrived at a more detailed understanding of how one type of discontinuity occurs.

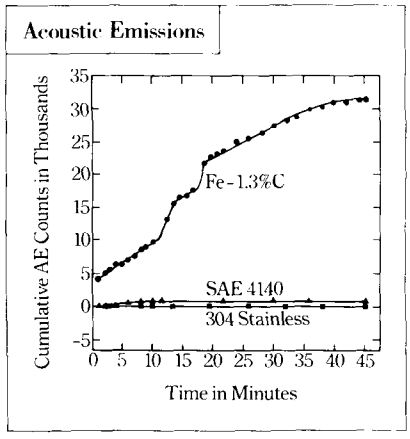
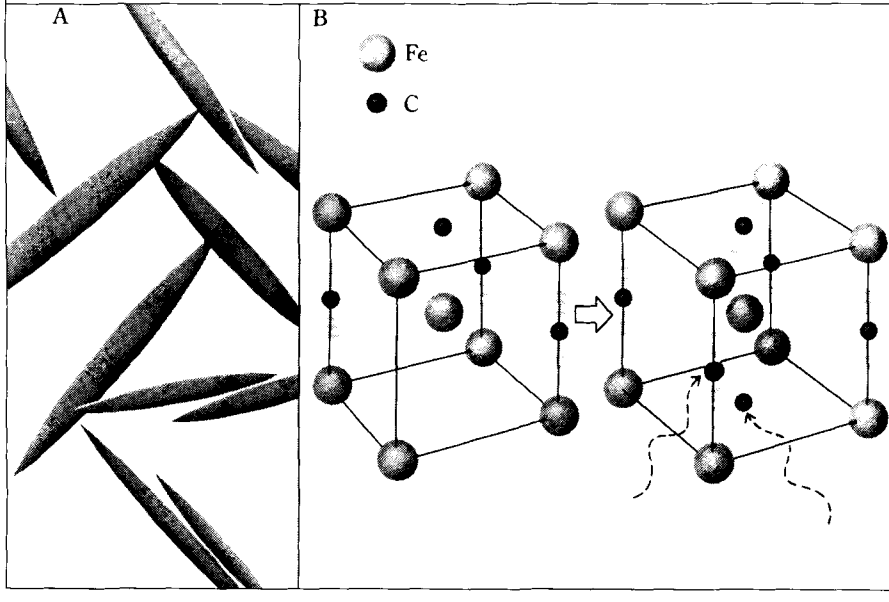


Figure 1: Cumulative acoustic emission counts for Fe-1.3%C steel, and control specimens of SAE 4140 and 304 stainless steel.

Figure 2: Artist's rendering of two proposed sources of microcracking: (A) impingement of the plates during the formation of martensite and (B) carbon atom rearrangement during the aging of martensite.



MARTENSITE is a hard microconstituent of steel which forms when austenite, iron containing carbon in solid solution, is quenched from a high temperature. The martensitic transformation produces steel that is hard and strong, but non-ductile. Through heat treatment, the steel can be tailored to applications requiring different degrees of ductility. High-carbon martensite—a highly stressed microstructure with a plate-like morphology—contains microscopic ruptures or separations 10 to 20 microns in length. These structural discontinuities, termed "microcracks," influence the mechanical properties of steel.

Although aspects of the microcracking phenomenon have been understood by metallurgists for more than fifty years, there is still no definitive explanation for when or how it occurs. An engineer at the General Motors Research Laboratories has devised an experiment that detects the microcracks as they occur.

The elastic energy released when microcracks form should produce a stress wave and associated high-frequency acoustic emission (AE). Using a piezoelectric transducer as the monitoring device, Dr. Michael Shea set out to determine what could be learned about the microcracking process by measuring AE.

The more widely accepted of two current hypotheses—the "impingement model"—asserts that microcracking is transformation-induced, taking place due to the collision of martensite plates during the quench. The other model maintains that microcracking occurs during the aging of martensite after the plates have already formed. The "aging model" suggests that thermal activation enables carbon atoms to rearrange themselves, producing localized stresses high enough to cause microcracking. Dr. Shea's ongoing research into high-carbon martensite led him to believe that the aging hypothesis was important. He proceeded to determine if AE is produced during aging.

For his study, Dr. Shea chose Fe-1.3%C steel, which undergoes martensitic transformation during quenching and is known to form

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microcracks. To provide baseline data, control specimens of 304 stainless steel and SAE 4140 steel were put through the same procedures as the test composition. When quenched, 304 stainless steel produces no martensite, and SAE 4140 forms a low-carbon martensite which has a lath-type morphology, and generally does not microcrack.

SPECIMENS of the three compositions were quenched to −196°C and then slowly heated to room temperature. Acoustic measurements were made beginning at 0°C, at which point carbon atom mobility is sufficient to allow rearrangement processes to take place, and continued for 45 minutes after the specimens had reached room temperature. No AE was recorded for 304 stainless steel, and only a slight amount for SAE 4140. Significant emission, however, was measured for the Fe-1.3%C steel specimen during the entire testing period (see Figure 1). Since martensite had already formed during the quench, these results support the hypothesis that microcracking is produced during aging of the freshly-formed plates. Dr. Shea ruled out both slip and twinning as sources of AE since the literature indicates that neither factor is significant during aging of martensite below 40°C. The possibility that the AE resulted from isothermal transformation of austenite to martensite could also be excluded because this process does not take place in the composition studied.

"These results demonstrate conclusively," says Dr. Shea, "that microcracking occurs during the aging of high-carbon martensite, thereby providing support for the less accepted of the two models.

"The next challenge," he continues, "will be to quantify the relative contributions of both models—impingement and aging—in an effort to determine which, in fact, is the more important mechanism, thus furthering our understanding of microcrack formation. Then, perhaps, we can more systematically explore ways to minimize microcracking."

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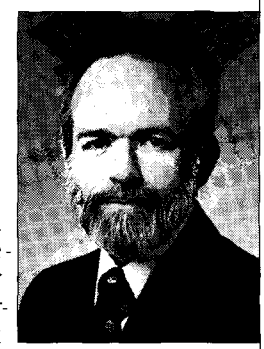

Dr. Michael Shea is a Staff Research Engineer in the Metallurgy Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Shea received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in metallurgical engineering from Michigan Technological University, and his Ph.D. in materials engineering from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. His thesis concerned deformation and fracture of cesium chloride type superlattices. He joined General Motors in 1971.

The areas of metallurgical research pursued by Dr. Shea at General Motors include the mechanical properties of high-carbon steels, mechanically-induced transformation of austenite, and structure/property relationships in nodular cast iron. His exploration of the microcracking phenomenon in martensite was conducted with the help of instrumentation developed by GM colleague Dr. Douglas Harvey.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

A Spice of Life

Early May, which is when this is written, means different things to different people. For gardeners, it's time to spray the roses and plant new perennials. For parents, it's time to check the children's stuff for summer camp. For me, it's time to brace myself: here comes the fattest issue of *Variety* in the year, the *International Film Annual*. This year's (May 4) is the 26th, price $2.50, no advance on last year, 542 pages, 56 more than last year. The Advertiser Index seems to be about 50 names shorter, so fewer advertisers took more pages.

Chicken Ranch
(First Run Features)

This annual issue is timed to coincide with the Cannes Festival, and the ads, most of which are full page, announce films whose territorial rights will be on sale at the festival. (Also various services are offered: Chemical Bank has a page boasting of its "productive relationship" with the film industry.) My overall impression of these ads is of science fiction. I don't mean as a subject, although there are plenty of such pictures: most of the advertised films seem to me invented. I had the same experience some years ago in the foyer of the National Theater in Reykjavík, looking at the portraits of prominent Icelandic dramatists: I knew not one of them and felt that the whole culture could have been the invention of a sci-fi novelist. For all I know to the contrary, dozens of the films advertised in this *Film Annual* could have been dreamed up by someone at a typewriter.

For example, here are some titles from the ads in last year's *Film Annual*: *Christopher Space*; *Cha-Cha Lessons*; *La Fuga*; *Grunt!*; *Ninja in the Dragon's Den*. I could list fifty or sixty more that, as far as certifiable experience goes, exist nowhere but in these ads. I'm sure that it has never happened, but some profligate prankster could buy half a dozen pages to list half a dozen films that he invented as he typed. I don't doubt that all these advertised films really exist, but where do they *go*?

And there's a correlated point. Here are some names from this year's *Annual*: Sandahl Bergman, Quin Kessler, David Goss, Harrison Muller, Joe Spencer, Moira Chen, Jill Elliot, Mark Harmon, Dan Reynolds, Sabrina Siani, Paola Senatore, Maurice Poli, Sheila Ruskin, Pontus Platin. What do all these people have in common? They are all film stars, according to the ads, of pictures made abroad. The list could be lengthened, then put next to an almost equivalent list of unknown directors. I don't doubt that they all exist—and may possibly be known to us under other names—but, as far as firsthand experience goes, they might as well be fictitious.

My second general reaction is always despondency. I often complain of delay in the appearance here of a foreign film that I've been reading about for years, but most of these *Variety* ads make me dread that these pictures *may* come our way and that I'll have to go to the trouble of avoiding them. I begin to wonder why a grownup is dealing with a field whose output is, in the main, this piffle.

But reassurance soon comes. First, it's negative. I remember the fall previews of theater seasons in newspapers and magazines. I remember the two fat issues of *Publishers Weekly*, announcing books for the spring and fall seasons. The trash is less patent in the theater and book pages than in these film ads, but it is inevitably there and again in much greater bulk than the promising work.

Then, from the *Variety* ads, come positive reassurances. First, mingled midst the midden, are some gleams. For instance, the Italian section lists forthcoming films by Olmi, Monicelli, Bellocchio, Lizzani. The German section lists two films by Percy Adlon, who made the lovely *Celeste*, and three films of Thomas Mann novels, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Magic Mountain*, and *The Confessions of Felix Krull* (which was filmed previously, in 1957). The German section, as has been true for many years, is the most enticing.

Second, the best reassurance comes from the difference between data and experience. Above the bulky mass of trash looms the certainty that some work will be good. The very existence of all the trash is one of the reasons for that hope; or, as I've put it before, nothing revitalizes hope like the appearance of one good film. That revitalization depends on triumph over circumstances. Everything in sight and knowledge makes good films virtually impossible, yet they keep appearing. Nothing in the U.S. film situation predicates the appearance of a picture as good as *Tender Mercies*; yet it appeared. The same could be said of Britain and *The Draughtsman's Contract*. I don't pray for the proliferation of trash, but there seems to be some relation between the very size of a field, including its trash, and its ability to produce an occasional good work. Many a year goes by without the appearance, in my opinion, of one unshakably good novel or play; but I

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Draughtsman's Contract. Peter Greenaway wrote and directed this unique film, a Restoration black comedy, with crime under its dazzling elegance.

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life. Humane anger expressed through witty writing and wittier acting. Not always funny—nor meant to be—but almost always sizzling.

The Return of Martin Guerre. Based on facts about a sixteenth-century French farmer who comes home after an eight-year absence—and may not be the same man. Well acted, always interesting, most engrossing in historical "feel."

Tender Mercies. A quiet theological allegory (note title) about a Texas singer-composer who hits the alcoholic skids and makes a comeback—as far as he wants to. Excellent. Especially Robert Duvall.

SK

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can't remember a year in which that was true of film.

Variety has instituted a new feature in this year's *Annual*. It always has an alphabetical list, very long, of films that have returned at least $4 million in rentals to distributors (not to be confused with box-office grosses) from the U.S.-Canada market. This year *Variety* also has a list of the one hundred top-ranking films in order of rental receipts, but with all moneys translated into 1982 dollars as distinct from dollar figures in the year(s) of release. For example, Number One on the money list is *Gone with the Wind*. Although its numerical receipts are only $76 million, the 1982 translation of that figure is $321 million, which puts it ahead of *Star Wars*, Number Two on the list, with its $272 million. By this system, some surprises are revealed: for instance, *Superman*, Number Eighteen with $104 million, is outranked by *The Graduate* with $105 million. A good bar-bet question: Which film is Number One Hundred on the list? (*The Greatest Show on Earth*, C.B. DeMille, 1952, with $45 million.)

THE MOST disgusting item on that list is Number Eighty-seven, (1982, $47 million), *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. I didn't see it: half of the Broadway show was enough for me. I never understood why women's groups picketed porno and left that show unharassed. *Whorehouse* had no explicit sex, but it seemed to me more smutty and degrading than most porno I've seen.

Now comes a documentary which, a voiceover tells us at the start, is about the brothel that was the inspiration for *Whorehouse*. It has moved to Nevada, where prostitution is legal, but it started in Texas. It and the film are called *Chicken Ranch*. Nick Broomfield and Sandi Sissel, both well known in the documentary field, have made an 84-minute film in the place. The film might have been longer, but the owner threw them out because they disobeyed his orders and shot some footage of a sequence in which he fired one of the girls.

Insofar as the choice of this subject can be nonexploitative, a debatable point, *Chicken Ranch* does not exploit. No smallest sexual intimacy is shown. When a customer chooses a girl in the parlor, she takes him into her room and shuts the door. Most of the picture is concerned with the girls' lives between

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customers. When the girls lounge around together, they sometimes discuss experiences with customers, and there's some salty language as well as some trade jargon. But much of the time it might be taking place in the lounge for women employees in a big department store.

The funniest episode is the visit of a small group of Japanese male tourists with their guide—the difficulties in communicating. The most predictable moment is the visit of two French journalists, a man and a woman, who are taken on a tour of the house and behave like entomologists on a field trip. The neatest juxtaposition is the contrast between the smarmy invocation at the Thanksgiving dinner, offered by the owner, complete with two huge diamond rings, and his later brutal denunciation of a girl who thinks he has shortchanged her.

But the picture doesn't come to much, because everything is now known about prostitution, everything social, sexual, psychological, economic, even political. There's a great deal to be done about prostitution, but there's nothing more to be revealed.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Olivier's Lear

When Laurence Olivier last played King Lear, at the age of 39, he was reportedly too young for the role. Now he is essaying the part again at the age of 75, and, alas, he is too old. Backbreaking for actors, Lear has the potential to break the hearts of audiences, and Olivier has wrenching moments when his eyes turn inward toward some interior landscape of old age and death. But there is also unintended heartbreak in watching the mighty will of this afflicted man battering vainly against his feeble frame. Full of courage and majesty, Olivier's performance is ultimately too weak to capture the high ground of the part, while Shakespeare's play is overshadowed by the drama of a very great actor making a valiant but generally ineffectual assault on his own physical limitations.

Olivier elected to play this role in a television production directed by Michael Elliott. Already seen in Great Britain, it has yet to gain a sponsor in the United States, though the Museum of Broadcasting has recently been screening the play in New York for invited audiences. Reputedly the most expensive production ever made for British TV, this *King Lear* looks tacky. On a large screen at least, it displays the muted oranges and browns of faded Ektachrome stock, and although the play is about nature gone mad, it has been wholly shot in the unnatural confines of a Granada studio. Clumsy sets by Roy Stonehouse attempt to reproduce a ninth-century Stonehenge of mists and fogs (the plaster dolmens are not even arranged in a Druid circle), while Tania Moiseiwitsch's surprisingly mundane leather and woolen costumes could have been designed for Cecil B. DeMille.

The star is supported in this venture by a brilliant cast, some of them (like Robert Lang, Colin Blakely, and Diana Rigg) alumni of Olivier's National Theater at the Old Vic, others (like John Hurt and David Threlfall) among the more interesting actors of the younger generation, the rest (like Leo McKern and Dorothy Tutin) simply solid journeymen of the classical English stage. None of them is ever less than accomplished, but they often seem to be weighed down by their costumes, floundering in a production that lacks an overall conception or integrated style.

Elliott, gifted as an Ibsen director, appears stiff and routine when interpreting Shakespeare, his reverence for Olivier apparently having absorbed energies that might have helped to shape the other performances. As a result, the supporting actors often function as Lear's admiring audience rather than his subjects or enemies. The faces of the men, unaccountably well-scrubbed, are virtually buried under crepe hair and spirit gum (the closeups are particularly unkind to wig joins), while the women tend to drip tears over their cheeks, lips, and cobra brooches. Leo McKern's jollity as Gloucester, with his Father Christmas rotundity and cabbage nose, would be more appropriate for Falstaff; David Threlfall's Edgar recalls his dystrophic Smyke in *Nicholas Nickleby*, while John Hurt plays the Fool as if he were still cooking meals for Ryan O'Neal in *Partners*; Colin Blakeley's Kent, though blunt enough, is too youthful to earn Cornwall's scorn as an "ancient knave," much less, having disguised himself by shaving his whiskers, Oswald's sneering reference to his grey beard; Dorothy Tutin plays Goneril like a pigeon-breasted headmistress rebuking her naughty charges, and the saccharin content of Anna Calder-Marshall's finishing-school Cordelia is enough to inflate the stock of Diet Coke. The excellent Diana Rigg turns Regan into a sleek glamorous catwoman who uses her nails on Gloucester's cheek as if she were sharpening them on a piece of wood, but impeccably concentrated though she is, her calculated cruelty is still too civilized for this primitive world.

Sir Laurence, however, remains the epicenter of the production, and it is this epicenter that sometimes fails to hold. When he first appears on the screen, bent with age, his eyes beady as an eagle's, in fuzzy yellow whiskers and a flaxen white wig, your expectations rise, fired by memories, until he opens his mouth to speak, smugly demanding flattery in return for territory, and that famous instrument proves to be as grizzled as his beard. Olivier's tenor, always a bit thin, has now become wheezy, high, and squeaky, and he doesn't have the breath to express his anger against Cordelia or, later on the heath, against ungrateful humanity: "hysterica passio," that climbing sorrow, not only stays down, it never manages to rise. A number of his lines he mangles or misremembers, and often he seems merely to be reciting. Frequently, he resorts to familiar mannerisms, such as glazing his eyes and tightening the lines of his mouth in reflective moments, and there is something a bit antiseptic about his appearance, especially when he awakes in Cordelia's tent, having been shaved and barbered, looking a bit like a Hindu guru-or like that "clean old man" of Beatles fame. Walter Huston would have played this role without his dentures; Olivier takes no great risks either with his looks or his readings.

But the great risk is to play the part at all, following the afflictions of gout,

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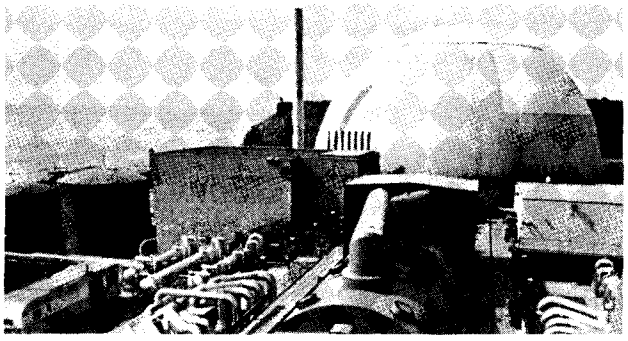
cancer, thrombosis of the leg, and a deteriorating muscular disease, not to mention a decade of lucrative, demeaning parts in movies and television sufficient to make a lesser man forget the art of acting: it is that challenge which constitutes the great triumph of this event, with all its faults and failures. One feels Olivier pushing himself physically through this production, riding bareback on a horse, being drenched by tons of water in the storm scene, cutting open a rabbit on the heath and eating its intestines, so that one's compassion is continually excited by the actor, if not by the character. And if he often fails to scale the emotional heights of the role, he is nevertheless extremely affecting in its quieter moments. His mad scenes after the storm are both funny and moving; his reconciliation with Cordelia has a broken delicacy; and his final entrance, when he howls like an animal over Cordelia's corpse, recoiling from the rope burns on her neck, makes one realize that even without its thunderous lamentations, *King Lear* remains the greatest play ever written.

The same might be said of this whole Masterpiece Theater evening. The music is out of Montavani; the blood looks like Château Marmont; the raging wind doesn't ruffle the costumes; and the performers rarely act like they had anything at stake. But to watch this major actor wrestling so bravely with what might be his last major role is to be reminded once again of the nobility of the profession.

THERE IS NOTHING in the least noble about *My One and Only*, the new musical at the St. James. By report, it has involved enough directors, designers, choreographers, writers, and play doctors to people the salvage crew of the last California earthquake. Still, it is a mild enough entertainment for a spring weekend, and even, despite the panic preceding the opening, a surprisingly relaxed and innocent one. Equipped with a superb score by George Gershwin, *My One and Only* is another effort at nostalgic reconstruction—this time of the flapper period. The Art Deco set, splashed with primary blues and reds, takes us (don't ask me why) from Pennsylvania Station to Harlem to Morocco, bringing on a variety of vintage automobiles, flying machines, and choo-choo trains, while Rita Ryack's witty 1920s costumes are stun-



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ning appointments for a sequence of campy beach, ballroom, and chorus numbers. The plot is so thin it is virtually anorexic, but insofar as I could catch it, shoehorned between the tap dances, it features a male pilot determined to be first across the Atlantic and a female swimmer who is third across the Channel. They meet, fall in love, part, and then marry, having learned that celebrity is less important than domestic bliss.

This lesson is apparently lost on the star, Tommy Tune, who also co-directed and co-choreographed the show. He first appears dangling from the straps of a parachute and then hangs over the rest of the evening like a narcissistic umbrella. Equipped with the profile of the Great Communicator and the acting style of a Jimmy Stewart on stilts, the six-foot-six Tune seems to have his taps nailed to his feet. At one point, he dances on water; I suspect he thinks he can walk on it. Tune is no Astaire, at least by comparison with the elegant Charles "Honi" Coles, whose brief tap-dancing appearance almost amounts to larceny, and his singing and acting aren't very strong either. Yet, there he is, in virtually every scene, smiling boyishly at us as if we were all complicit in his irrepressible need to perform. He has surrounded himself, however, with an excellent female chorus, and an extremely competent cast, especially his co-star Twiggy, who delighted me with her cool Lombard-like looks and her tremulous Piaf-like voice.

REQUIEM FOR NEOLIBERALISM

A New Democracy
by Gary Hart

(William Morrow, 180 pp., $12.95)

Not so long ago the troubled air was filled with talk of "neoliberalism." The New Deal, fainthearted liberals decided after the 1980 election, was at last dead. The "traditional" liberalism of Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson was bankrupt. The moment impended for a new revelation. "We no longer automatically favor unions and big government or oppose the military and big business," Charles Peters of *The Washington Monthly* proclaimed in his "Neo-Liberal Manifesto." ". . . Our hero is the risk-taking entrepreneur."

The critical disagreement between liberalism and the neoliberals came over the role of government. Liberals regarded government as, historically and potentially, an indispensable instrument of the general welfare. Neoliberals professed to see government as a mess of vested bureaucratic interests wasting the people's money and cramping the style of the risk-taking entrepreneur. And they saw 1980 as an ideological repudiation of the whole concept of affirmative government. Reagan, they concluded, had a secret, and, if they could only master the secret too, they might succeed as Reagan had done. They quickly learned, moreover, that an attack by quondam liberals on affirmative government was a splendid way of winning applause from the right-wing press and acclaim as original thinkers from David Broder.

Neoliberalism had useful points to make, but its effort to separate itself in a dramatic way from liberalism was obviously based on an impetuous misreading of 1980. "In analyzing history," as Emerson said, "do not be too profound, for often the causes are quite superficial." The voters turned to Reagan in 1980 not because they wished to give laissez-faire an ideological license, but because they could not abide the thought of four more years of Jimmy Carter. And, whatever else Carter may have been, he was hardly a New Deal advocate of affirmative government, which makes the ideological interpretation of 1980 all the more ridiculous.

Running for the Presidency in 1976, Carter had devoted much of his campaign to denunciations of the horrid, swollen, awful federal bureaucracy. In his 1978 State of the Union Message, he had declared, in an outburst of premature neoliberalism, "Government cannot solve our problems. It can't set our goals. It cannot define our vision, or provide a bountiful economy, or reduce inflation, or save our cities," etc. (I recognize that the estimable editor of this magazine, who was writing speeches for Carter at the time, will claim that these words are quoted out of context. But Carter himself had provided the context in his systematic blackguarding of affirmative government in 1976 and thereafter. And can anyone imagine Roosevelt or Truman or Kennedy or Johnson saying these words in any context?) If the 1980 election had any ideological significance, which one doubts, it could have been as a rejection of neoliberalism before the word was coined.

In fact, though the word is new, the phenomenon is old. It is a well-established response to conservative swings in the political cycle. Even the ritual is well established: the signal is customarily an excoriation of liberalism in an address to Americans for Democratic Action, the presumed stronghold of the traditional faith. This is what a now-forgotten Massachusetts politician named Foster Furcolo did in the Eisenhower years, an example that Senator Tsongas, the Foster Furcolo of his generation, followed in the Reagan years. Senator Moynihan, the most powerful intelligence to have dabbled in neoliberal waters, made his ritual condemnation before the A.D.A. in 1968 but, always well in advance of his less acute colleagues, rediscovered the virtues of affirmative government in his speech to the Gridiron in 1981.

NEOLIBERALISM, as noted, has useful points to make—the critique of vested interests, of bureaucratic rigidities, of the no-growth philosophy, of the adversarial ethos, of the mandate millstone, of credentialism. None of these points is at odds with the older liberalism (if such notorious liberals as Galbraith, Rauh, and Schlesinger can be taken as representative). But, propelled by the publicity requirements of our age, the neoliberals prefer to present themselves as proponents of a brave new creed. They do this in part by the rejection of affirmative government and in part by creating a caricature of "traditional" liberalism. In the neoliberal lexicon, when liberals are not portrayed as free-spending zealots who propose to solve all problems by throwing money at them, they are portrayed as bleeding-heart cranks obsessed with abortion, the legalization of drugs, homosexual rights, and other fringe enthusiasms.

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Of course liberalism does not mean a belief that the problems of the 1980s will yield to the remedies of the 1930s or even less to the obsessions of the 1960s. It simply means the conviction that the distinctive problems of our own time—the retreat of heavy industry before the microchip economy, the structural propensity to inflation, the decay of infrastructure, the decline in America's capacity to compete in world markets—will not solve themselves; nor will they be solved by a program of all power to the risk-taking entrepreneurs. The liberal believes that the solution of the problems will require a renewal of affirmative government—government chastened and reformed, one must hope, by stringent review of the excesses and errors of the last fifty years.

These comments may explain the interest with which I took up the new book by Senator Hart, who, justly or not, has been played up in the press as a paladin of neoliberalism. For, despite a corps of voluble publicists, neoliberalism has not acquired a basic text. Senator Tsongas's vapid book of a year or two back has sunk without a trace. Perhaps *A New Democracy* might provide the key to the new revelation?

A New Democracy suffers from the occupational deformation of all such campaign books: laundry lists, base-touching, boilerplate rhetoric. It is also oddly lacking in historical reference and resonance. Yet underneath one senses a mind at work, less interested in finding formulas to propitiate interest groups than in finding serious answers to real problems. The feeling conveyed of authentic intellectual curiosity about current issues does something to rescue the book from the banality of the genre. But the striking thing about the book in the end is not its neoliberalism but its liberalism.

The object of democracy, Senator Hart says, must be "equality—equality of rights and equality of opportunity." And "government, at its best, is the instrument to realize these fundamental values of compassion and fairness. . . . The national government must serve as the ultimate guarantor of social justice and equal opportunity." He points out that "the generally far-sighted, coordinated and cooperative approach" exemplified in government assistance—educational, technical, financial—to agriculture has created the most productive agricultural sector in the world and proposes this approach as a model for industrial policy. Within the framework of activist government, Hart offers a series of specific and thoughtful recommendations for industrial and employment strategy, energy security, military reform, and arms control. His emphasis on investment in people—training young people, retraining displaced older workers, a high-technology Morrill Act, and Individual Training Account program—is particularly valuable.

As a liberal, I welcome his book. But where does it leave neoliberalism? It suggests more than ever that neoliberalism was a hoax from the start. The anti-government line, wisely eschewed by Senator Hart, was a bow to fashion and a bid for publicity. It was never much believed even by the neoliberals themselves.

Take a classic neoliberal document like Mayor Koch's speech of October 20, 1981, before the Democratic National Strategy Council. The Democratic Party, Koch said, "had lost the sense of where it came from, what its purpose should be, and what the reality facing America was all about." It had become "the party of government for govern-

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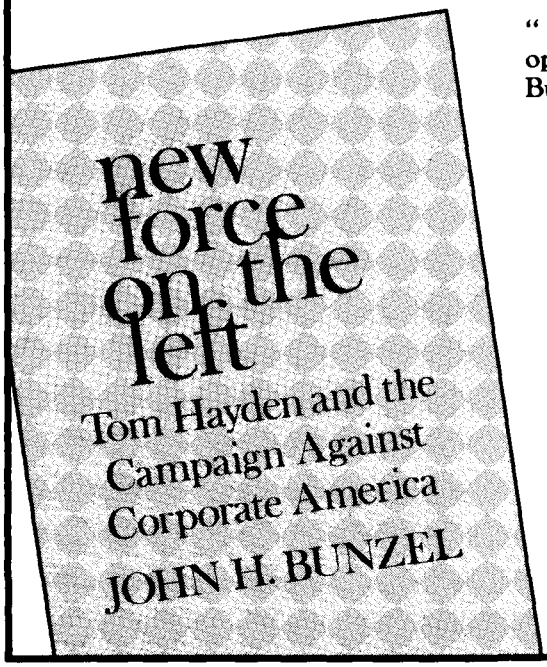

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ment's sake," etc. But when Koch came to particulars, he said, without break of stride,

> The federal government has an obligation to provide shelter. . . . Washington has an obligation to help local governments rebuild their deteriorating physical plants. . . . The federal government has an obligation to insure employment. . . . Washington cannot abandon assistance to mass transit,

and so on for seven claims for affirmative government. Or even take the canonical document itself, Peters's "Neo-Liberal Manifesto." After explaining the obsolescence of New Deal liberalism and the need for bold, new neoliberal ideas, Peters writes—I am not kidding—"Consider my own latest cause: Bring back the W.P.A.—bring it back to rebuild the nation's infrastructure, to give people jobs, to give the poor money to spend." Neoliberal means were simply never adequate to achieve even neoliberal ends.

Peters also argues that "the adversary approach to problems has come to dominate our national life, at a disastrous cost to all of us," as if this were one more marvelous neoliberal discovery. Senator Hart in similar vein calls for "a cooperative instead of confrontational attitude in business, labor and government" and in particular advocates "the goal of presidentially negotiated industrial-modernization agreements." Like the National Industrial Recovery Act codes, for example? If the neoliberals knew their history, they would know that in the plea for the coordination of economic interests they are returning to the spirit of the first New Deal. This instinct may well be right, but it is hardly novel.

Perhaps Gary Hart's interesting book may mean the end of the neoliberal nonsense. The relief and rejoicing that greeted governor Mario Cuomo's vindication of affirmative government in his fine inaugural address last January suggests the widespread desire within the Democratic Party to return to F.D.R.'s old faith "in the ability of man to control what he has created." Opposing unions and big government and favoring the military and big business (if I may slightly caricature the Peters manifesto) may not offer the road to national salvation. If neoliberals will accept, as Senator Hart clearly does, the need for affirmative government, and if liberals will accept, as I believe most of them do, the need to reexamine methods and institutions in the light of half a century's experience, this phony split in the liberal community can be usefully repaired in time for 1984.

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THE DUBIOUS SCIENCE

Dangerous Currents: The State of Economics by Lester Thurow

(Random House, 242 pp., $16.95)

Twentieth-century economists may, with some stretching of the metaphor, be described as hedgehogs who wish to become like unto foxes. Dissatisfied with the knowledge of a few homely truths, based on reasonable, almost common-sense assumptions, they have been seeking—in the name of "science"—to generate from this knowledge a whole litter of smaller truths, which could provide them with a more comprehensive power over the economic universe. This transmogrification, after a most auspicious commencement, has run into such serious complications that some of our most gifted younger economists are now wondering if economics today really knows what it is talking about. Such an economist is Lester Thurow of M.I.T., who remarks in his introduction to *Dangerous Currents*:

> . . . To my mind what mainstream American economists do reflects more an academic need for an internal theoretical consistency and rigor than it reflects observable, measurable realities in the world we live in. Accordingly, my book is a critique of economics as it is by and large taught and practiced in the United States.

And what a splendid critique it is! Bold, incisive, original, Thurow's book is a devastating demonstration of how the efforts to convert economics into a practical "policy science"—as distinct from offering a few general guidelines—has had the ironical effect of creating a new scholasticism, comparable in its ingenuity and abstruseness to the Aristotelianism of the fifteenth century. What gives Thurow's critique a special force is that he himself is a fully certified and widely respected scholastic—a prominent member of the mandarinate, as he would put it—who has shown that he can "do" economics in the conventional academic way. Until now we have had critiques similar to Thurow's but mainly from either noneconomists or economists whose status is deemed marginal. The economics establishment has therefore found it easy to ignore them, and it is interesting to note that Thurow himself shows little awareness of their existence. But Thurow speaks from within the citadel itself—indeed,

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from within the liberal center of the citadel—and the reverberations are bound to be felt. One is certain that a large number of younger economics professors, who have been dutifully teaching their "discipline" but without much conviction, will be delighted to give *Dangerous Currents* a prominent place on their required reading lists.

Thurow's critique covers just about every significant "school" in contemporary economics: microeconomics, macroeconomics, econometrics, monetarism, rational expectations, supply-side economics, etc. His is a two-edged sword. On the one side, he shows that much of what passes for "scientific methodology" in economics is pretentious pseudoscience. On the other, he reveals to what degree economists propel themselves into a muddle by a simple-minded identification of *homo oeconomicus* with *homo sapiens*.

The reproach of pseudoscience is largely directed against macroeconomics, econometrics, and monetarism. It is, by now, not an entirely unfamiliar reproach, but no one has exploited it with anything like Thurow's magisterial command of the subject matter. Essentially the problem with these three schools is that they envisage the economic universe as being "Newtonian" when it obviously is not—which is why economics is only a social science, not a natural science.

It is non-Newtonian for two major reasons. First, the equations lack the natural constants—in the case of monetarism it is the velocity of money—which would convert them from tautologies into propositions from which precise implications and accurate predictions can be inferred. Oh, they do have constants, only those constants turn out to be distressingly inconstant—which is why all "laws" that relate economic phenomena to one another in quantifiable terms have so brief a life expectancy. It is true that Congress, the White House, the media, and the business community still turn to economists as experts who can convert statistical data—itself often "mushy"—into correlations from which timely predictions flow. This, however, is an instance of cultural lag, or perhaps of that will to believe which prefers even superstition to skepticism.

Second, the basic assumption beneath all such equations is that they are valid mutatis mutandis—"other things being equal." The assumption holds very well for the physical universe, in which one can define an infinite set of "closed worlds" that are relatively immune to perturbations from without. But it does not hold very well for economics, whose real world is open and is always being reshaped by "exogenous" influences (i.e., factors that are not in the economists' model). Such "exogenous" influences include wars, floods, famines, the changing habits of consumers, producers, and investors, technological and entrepreneurial innovation, as well as political follies of every description. In short, human history is far more turbulent than nature's history, and economists' models are therewith rendered all the less real.

Econometric analysis has adapted to this situation in a most ingenious—one can even say brilliantly entrepreneurial—way. As Thurow puts it:

> Given failures to live up to expectations, econometrics shifted from being a tool for testing theories to being a showcase for exhibiting them. . . . No set of data could ever upset a theory, since it was always possible to construct an econometric model congruent with both the theory and the data.

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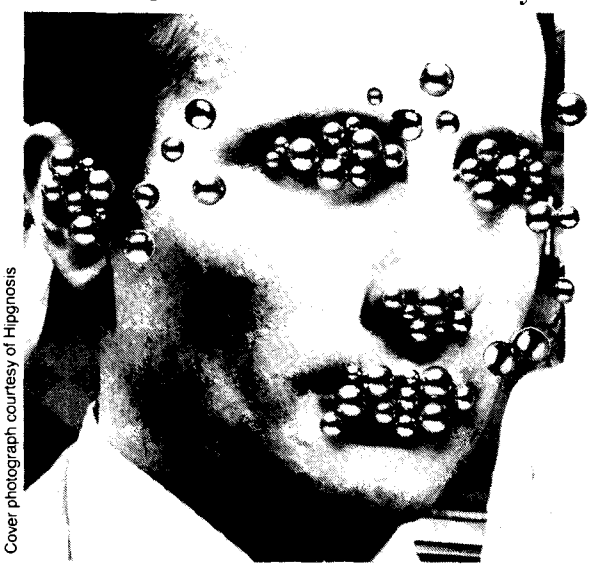

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It doesn't follow, of course, that economists have nothing interesting or important to say about economic policy. (Thurow certainly thinks they do.) But what they have to say is of a general nature and is not easily or automatically translatable into the specifics of policy. This explains why, when it comes to policy matters, economists are always disagreeing with one another over just about everything. Do deficits cause inflation? Or is it recession that they cause? Or both? Well, it all depends on the circumstances, and reading those circumstances is an art, not a science. In such matters, a mixture of intuition, imagination, worldly experience, and common sense are more important to an economist than any sophisticated acquaintance with macroeconomic theory.

Thurow's critique of the rational expectations school is savagely dismissive—in my opinion, justly so. You really have to be a very well-trained economist, to have experienced the requisite *déformation professionelle*, and to have no experience at all of business, in order to believe the absurd presuppositions of that fashionable school. These presuppositions imply a world in which all individuals possess all the information relevant to their economic decisions, make those decisions rationally (i.e., with an eye to the future, never to the past) and instantly, and in which, therefore, all governmental economic policies are so quickly discounted by its citizenry as to be utterly without effect. One could see how economists would have fun imagining such a state of affairs, and it may even have a nice pedagogical purpose. Unhappily, the rational expectations school takes itself far too seriously to be content with such a modest role.

The critique of supply-side economics is, in my partisan opinion, much less cogent, much too skimpy and superficial. But it must be conceded that the subject itself is not easy to get a handle on, since those economists on the supply side have never been able to agree among themselves on some crucial fundamental issues, especially about monetary policy.

For most readers of *Dangerous Currents*, however, it will be the opening chapter on the weaknesses of microeconomics that will be the most shocking and the most enlightening. It is, after all, microeconomics—with its focus on supply, demand, and price—that is the traditional bedrock of the discipline. Moreover, much of microeconomics is fully consonant with our experiences in the marketplace—the core of microeconomic theory derives from economic actualities rather than being imposed on them. (That is why Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was so instantly persuasive to the general reader.) But even here economists in recent decades have gone too far in elaborating the theory far beyond its proper sphere—so far as to loosen its purchase on reality.

At the heart of microeconomics, as Thurow lucidly explains, is "the equilibrium price-auction view of the world." This involves a definition of the individual as a maximizing consumer or producer within a free market that, balancing supply and demand, fixes an equilibrium price for any good or service. Now this is a fair, approximate account of what in fact happens in a marketplace. But it is only approximate, since no market is perfectly free, just as no individual is a perfect specimen of *homo oeconomicus*. The trouble arises when economists commit what is called the "fallacy of misplaced precision"—when, using formulas and graphs, they try to *reduce* market phenomena to mathematics. At this point, all sorts of anomalies (e.g., the concept of "psychic income") and counterfactual assumptions appear, as one assumes, for instance, that an individual's supply-demand curves for various things are independent of one another, or that a fall in demand will always result first in a fall in prices, and only later in production. This latter assumption has always especially amused me. From my years in the book publishing business I *know* that one always cuts production first, and price hardly ever. But when I tell my economist friends that, they seem to regard it as having been a personal idiosyncracy on my part.

The upshot is that the highly complex, mathematicized kind of microeconomics ("price theory") now taught in universities, while a good way to make mathematics more interesting than it otherwise would be, has very little to do with actual, real-life marketplace activities. As Thurow points out, one can see why, in those decades past when agriculture was a major segment of the national economy, price-auction economics could claim a special relevance. (Farmers cannot cut back on production as quickly as book publishers can.) But it is a picture of the economic world

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that, today, is true only under restrictive conditions.

Or perhaps one should say it is true more often than not, but never wholly. All of us, much of the time, will indeed behave as "economic persons"—that is the truth which permits market economies to work more efficiently than administered economies. But it is quite another thing to believe that most—some economists would say all!—human relationships can be fruitfully explicated within an economic model.

Thurow concludes from his analysis of the main currents in contemporary economic theory that economists ought to be less reductive, more alert to the sociological, political, or even aesthetic dimensions of the human condition. He thinks this will help make them better economists, and I suspect he also thinks it will more naturally incline them to approve of "liberal" social policies that are hard to reconcile with any economic orthodoxy. Here, I beg to differ. That approach will only make them third-rate political and sociological theorists. Let economists be economists is, I think, a superior prescription. Just so long as they have a clearer understanding of the relatively modest potentialities of their particular social science.

IRVING KRISTOL

Irving Kristol is editor of the *Public Interest*.

DREAMWORK

Salvador
by Joan Didion

(Simon and Schuster, 108 pp., $12.95)

In the aftermath of President Reagan's recent address to the Joint Session of Congress and in light of ongoing congressional deliberations, the American people need to understand El Salvador. Joan Didion's book should have helped. It does not.

Last June Didion and her husband, John Gregory Dunne, traveled to El Salvador for two weeks, and spoke with various local and American officials. After this "fortnight of living dangerously" (*The Washington Post*), she spent four months working on a book praised on its jacket as "an incredible portrait of the true meaning of terror, fear and political repression." The copywriter's claim is echoed several times by Didion herself, who believes that in those two weeks she came "to understand the exact mechanism of terror." (She comes to this epiphany during a nonevent: she is sitting on a restaurant porch, watching a gunman standing near a gas pump as a car goes by.)

Reviewers have suggested that Didion's subject is terror itself, her own, and conceivably the terror that any American would feel during a two-week vacation in hell. Didion brings to *Salvador* her gift for precise observation, and the book deserves praise for its haunting evocation of mood. To achieve this mood, however, she mystifies her subject, believing that *her* failure to understand means that El Salvador cannot be understood.

". . . . The visitor to Salvador learns immediately to concentrate, to the exclusion of past or future concerns, as in a prolonged amnesiac fugue." She finds "no depth of field reliable, no perception so definite that it might not dissolve into its reverse." When she learns that a local commandante thought some foreign missionaries were French, rather than Irish, because they were called "Franciscan," she decides that "This was one of those occasional windows that open onto the heart of El Salvador and then close, a glimpse of the impenetrable interior." This echoes the work's opening epigraph from Conrad. But these periodic pronouncements upon El Salvador's unyielding mystery betray her subject.

"Actual information was hard to come by in El Salvador," she claims, "perhaps because this is not a culture in which a high value is placed on the definite." On another occasion she suggests that "In the absence of informa-

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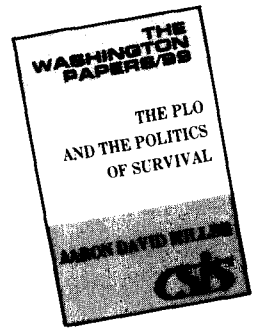

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tion (and the presence, often, of disinformation) even the most apparently straightforward event takes on, in El Salvador, elusive shadows, like a fragment of retrieved legend." Amnesiac fugue? Legend? This might provide Americans with a poetic reading of our circumstances, but it is an approach that neither we Salvadorans nor Americans can afford.

Ms. Didion's terminal vagueness omits any reference to the system of corruption endemic to the military government—an essential fact of politics in El Salvador of which Americans should be more aware. One example of this corruption, close to home, was the 1976 arrest of the Salvadoran chief of the armed forces in Mt. Kisco, New York, as he attempted to sell ten thousand machine guns to men he assumed were members of organized crime, but were in fact Mt. Kisco's local police. Didion alludes several times to the January 1981 murder of two American labor advisers, Mark Pearlman and Michael Hammer, and that of Salvador's Agrarian Reform Agency President, José Rodolfo Viera, but fails to mention that Viera had been on a death list for months, a result of his televised attempt to expose the theft of $40 million by the previous (military) administrators of that agency. "Terror is the given of the place," says Didion. It has no cause.

Nor, in her reading, do numbers—whether of dollars or of lives—have meaning.

> All numbers in El Salvador tended to materialize and vanish and rematerialize in a different form, as if numbers denoted only the use of numbers, an intention, a wish, a recognition that someone, somewhere, for whatever reason, needed to hear the ineffable expressed as a number. At any given time in El Salvador, a great deal of what goes on is considered ineffable, and the use of numbers in this context tends to frustrate people who try to understand them literally. . . .

She makes this point in connection with voter estimates in the March 1982 elections, and the difficulty of determining the extent of capital flight over the past ten years. The discrepancy between estimates leads Didion to her helpless conclusion—in effect it is a surrender to the convenient smokescreen masking the reality, which is that the nearly one billion dollars in U.S. aid sent to Salvador since 1980 has, as one American Senator put it, "disappeared down the rat-hole." Did the $40 million that Viera found missing simply evaporate? Such questions are never asked. Nor does Didion ever pause in her litany of deaths to consider the causes of any of the murders.

What she provides is a horrific description of atrocity: "The dead and pieces of the dead turn up in El Salvador everywhere, every day, as taken for granted as in a nightmare, or a horror movie," and

> In El Salvador one learns that vultures go first for the soft tissue, for the eyes, the exposed genitalia, the open mouth. One learns that an open mouth can be used to make a specific point, can be stuffed with something emblematic; stuffed, say, with a penis, or, if the point has do with a land title, stuffed with some of the dirt in question.

What point is Didion making? Such lurid details make for compelling prose, but in the absence of any analysis of why such murders occur, they seem at best to bolster her thesis of mindless terror and at worst to suggest a penchant for gratuitous special effects.

ANY UNDERSTANDING of why the Salvadoran government might be opposed must be preceded by an understanding of its nature. Didion quotes Thomas O. Enders, Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs: "Perhaps the most striking measure of progress [in El Salvador] is the transformation of the military from an institution dedicated to the status quo to one that spearheads land reform and supports constitutional democracy." She then undercuts him by claiming that former Minister of Defense García "understood the importance to Americans of symbolic action: letting the Americans have their land reform program," which she later refers to as "less a 'reform' than an exercise in public relations," and promoting the illusion that the new civilian president, Alvaro Magaña "was in fact commander-in-chief of the armed forces." Thus she narrowly misses an opportunity to scrutinize those armed forces, and perhaps ask the obvious (and still unasked) question: why are those armed forces fighting? What is in it for them?

Young men enter the Salvadoran officer corps to acquire the power and money that military service provides, through its systemic opportunities for corruption. Seven hundred officers in the military lead the Salvadoran army, national guard, national police, and treasury police; most of them attended the El Salvador Military School. Each officer belongs to a *tanda* (graduating class) and each *tanda* has a president. During their thirty-year careers, the officers seek contacts and form alliances with other *tandas*, as they prepare for political power. In past elections in El Salvador, no matter which party had the most votes, the army candidate won. The outgoing president would choose his successor, and together they would assemble a coalition of officers from one major *tanda* and several allied *tandas* to enjoy the spoils of their five-

LAST WORDS

Let us consider
last words: Goethe's
"More Light," for instance,
or Gertrude Stein, sly
to the end, asking
"But what is the question?"

Consider the fisherman
caught on the hook
of his own death
who saves
his last words
for the sea.

Consider the miner,
the emblem of earth
on his face,
who curses the earth
as he enters it,
mineshaft or grave.

I have heard the dry sound
leaves make
on their way from the tree,
have felt the cold braille
of snow as it melts
in the hand.

It is almost time
to let the curtain
of darkness down
on the perfect exit,
to say one last time
a few loved names,

or else to go out
in silence
like an anonymous star
whose message,
if there is one,
is light years away.

LINDA PASTAN

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year term. The *tanda* system remains in power today.

Didion reveals her ignorance of this structure when she calls former Defense Minister García "a survivor" for lasting in office since 1979. García was never a survivor. That is, it was not through his own powers that he enjoyed his tenure (now over) with the military; it was at the pleasure of the military itself.

AS FOR THE civilian president's influence with that institution, Didion tellingly recounts a conversation with Alvaro Magaña. Magaña describes for her his conversations with Roberto D'Abuisson, a figure whom some have accused, although there has been no trial, of being involved in the death in March 1980 of Monsignor Oscar Romero (Didion makes no mention of this): "When we're alone now I try to talk to him. I do talk to him, he's coming for lunch today. He never calls me Alvaro, it's always *usted, Señor, Doctor*. I call him Roberto. I say, Roberto, don't do this, don't do that, you know." In light of American failures to get that government to prosecute those responsible for American deaths, one wonders about the extent of American influence as well. Didion, however, does not seem to wonder.

Progress toward these prosecutions was a congressional condition of U.S. military aid in 1982. Despite three reports that certified progress, the trials of the murderers of the nuns and the labor advisers remain in limbo. By now, one would think that Congress would be asking why. But Congress is not asking why or attempting to understand the logic of the Salvadoran military, which requires that it protect its own.

Just seven weeks ago, it seemed that Congress was ready to require as a condition for military aid that the government enter into unconditional negotiations with the Salvadoran opposition, i.e. the guerrillas. Congress seemed to have finally grasped that a solution to the Salvadoran problem required that the opposition be recognized as legal and legitimate and must, in a transition period leading to elections, share power with the military.

Negotiations leading to power sharing is a strategy not without risk. But the risks are hard to define. One can look at the history of coalition governments and view guerrilla participation as a trojan horse leading to guerrilla control. And there is an understandable

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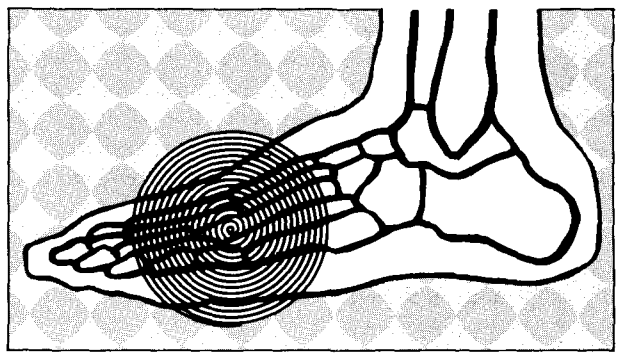

It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted—see what I wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, I tried to keep going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Elysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

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fear that, once in power, the guerrillas could turn out to be as brutal as the army. Risky though it is, the participation of the left is necessary to create a force strong enough within the Salvadoran government to purge the corrupt and murderous elements within the officer corps. Two administrations have failed to be that force for human rights. But at this writing, after the President's speech, Congress seems confused, perceiving nothing "so definite that it might not dissolve into its reverse."

The debate over military aid in the House in April was characterized above all by vacillation. In the end, the House Foreign Affairs Committee fashioned a compromise, making "effective control" of the military and the termination of murder and torture an objective of U.S. policy, rather than a condition of military aid as Congressman Stephen Solarz had proposed in his amendment, passed by the Western Hemisphere Subcommittee on April 12. Negotiations, which Solarz also drafted into his amendment, were retained as the one legally binding condition. Not one member of the committee, however, was willing to declare "power-sharing" as the proper and necessary outcome of a negotiation. And finally the committee increased military aid by $38.6 million, thus undercutting a clear signal to the Salvadoran Army that it was serious.

One can reasonably expect that as the foreign aid bill makes its way through the legislative process, the fear of taking responsibility will increase and, in the end, Congress will strike the negotiations clause drafted by Solarz. Unconditional negotiations will become an objective. The law will give Congress a chance every six months to block the next installment by concurrent resolution. But as the foreign policy leadership of the Congress well knows, Congress has not once voted to stop aid by that procedure. So every six months, the situation will mirror Didion's portrayal of it: fluid, mysterious, impenetrable. A Heart of Darkness.

The Congress, for its part, relies on the information provided by the House Select Committee on Intelligence, which last September released its report, *U.S. Intelligence Performance in Central America: Achievements and Selected Instances of Concern*. Didion also has mined this report noting that she was "struck . . . by the suggestion in the report . . . that the intelligence was itself a dreamwork, tending to support policy, the report read, 'rather than inform it,' providing 'reinforcement more than illumination,' 'ammunition' rather than analysis." Unfortunately, that characterization also fits Didion's *Salvador*.

LEONEL GÓMEZ VIDEZ

Leonel Gómez Videz was the former deputy director of the Agrarian Reform Institute in El Salvador under the Duarte government. He has been granted political asylum in the United States.

COMING:
John Simon on
Frederic Prokosch's
Voices: A Memoir.

THE ART OF GROWING OLD

Sister Age
by M.F.K. Fisher

(Knopf, 220 pp., $12.95)

M.F.K. Fisher's unusual literary life has been devoted to elevating two inescapable processes, eating and aging, from the realm of necessity (and of neurosis) to the status of art. She is best known as a "philosopher of food," as Clifton Fadiman called her in his introduction to a collection of her gastronomical writings, *The Art of Eating* (1954). Her recipes, I gather, are excellent; but perfectly seasoned prose and well-ripened ruminations have been her distinctive specialties ever since she began writing about how to eat "with both grace and gusto." All along, Mrs. Fisher writes in the foreword to her new collection of short stories, *Sister Age*, she was also thinking about a book on the art of aging, accumulating "clippings and notes and even lengthy writings." Most important, she gazed every day at a nineteenth-century portrait of an old German or Swiss lady named Ursula von Ott, which she bought in a Zurich junk store in 1936. "A lodestar in my life," she calls the painting, a son's depiction of his aging mother with "the enigmatic simian gaze of a woman standing all alone"—for M.F.K. Fisher a sister, and a teacher of the art of aging.

In fact, Mrs. Fisher herself began teaching the art of aging long ago, when she wrote her first gastronomical guide, *Serve It Forth* (1937), and emphasized the inevitable connection between the continual feeding and the gradual faltering of our bodies. Not yet 30, she saw far ahead and proposed this fruitful vision of our physical fate:

> But we must grow old, and we must eat. It seems far from unreasonable, once these facts are accepted, for a man to set himself the pleasant task of educating his palate so that he can do the former not grudgingly and in spite of the latter, but easily and agreeably because of it.

Far from a call to geriatric gluttony, Mrs. Fisher counseled sparse but appreciative eating; "ease our body's last years by lightening its burden," she advised. Behind this prescription lay a more spiritual message, echoed in subsequent books: eat always with the sense that "there is a communion of more than our bodies when bread is broken and wine is drunk," as she wrote some years later in *The Gastronomical Me* (1943). Serve forth food with the knowledge that "our three basic needs, for food and security and love, are . . . mixed and mingled and entwined." When those hungers are sated with care and kindness, we can hope to carry on gracefully and with gusto to the end.

Certainly Mrs. Fisher—who smiles, wine glass in hand, from the jacket of

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her new book—has lived long and fully. Seventy-five this year, she has now published fifteen excellent short stories about the art of aging—sparer fare than the weighty reference work she originally planned, but far more flavorsome. Some of the stories are in fact memoirs. She recalls the old Bible salesman, "dry as ditch weed," who brought "slow fat quiet tears" to her eyes one dusty afternoon during her childhood in Whittier, California. Looking back to middle age, she writes fondly of the "cool, gracious old lady," Mme. Duval, her landlady in Aix-en-Provence, whom she watched acquire a "deep enjoyment" in life and a "late but appealing jauntiness." And in the slow, almost hypnotically riveting story, "The Oldest Man," she relives her "round deep days and . . . glittering cold nights" with her daughters high in the Massif Central visiting an ancient friend, who ended his steady life in the same carved bed in which he had been born.

Other stories dip into fantasy. Mr. and Mrs. Beddoes in "The Lost, Strayed, Stolen" are blessed with a blissful golden age together, thanks to the helpful presence of a lonely but beneficent "ghoulie" named Tom. In "A Question Answered," it is a dignified rat who calms Eileen Oliver Mack as she approaches death. In a slighter story, "The Reunion," Professor Lucien Revenant painstakingly prepares a little party, complete with petit fours, for "five dear people he had neglected as they all grew older and more preoccupied by their own dwindling powers"—on the afternoon just after his own funeral, long after his friends' deaths.

THE MOST ambitious, and also the most successful and moving, story in the collection, "Another Love Story," masterfully blends memory and fantasy. The protagonists are the familiar and fond triumvirate—a mother and her two girls—that gives M.F.K. Fisher's writing its emotional sturdiness (and also her life, it would seem: she has two daughters, has herself been a devoted sister). For six years following Mrs. Allen's divorce, she and Holly and Susan lived with her aging father, and "they each emerged from their sadnesses, more often than not, and laughed easily together." Now he is dead, and the bereft trio take a trip to the California coast, where their mournful memories are submerged in a two-week fantasy featuring an old fisherman, Mr. Henshaw. Holly and Susan select him from the elderly male company on the pier (others of whom "really were what Grandfather would have called fruity"), are smitten, and plan an unlikely marriage for their mother. It doesn't transpire, of course, but they each emerge from their loneliness—the girls with childish ease, Mr. Henshaw with dignified delight, and Mrs. Allen with harder won grace, as she gradually learns the art of aging. "She forgot to open the book she carried like a kind of medicine everywhere . . . any book at all, but mostly old ones read long before she had had to learn firsthand about loss and love and other forms of dying," Mrs. Fisher writes, and continues with this passage of remarkable prose:

> The pure quiet sunlight ran through her veins; it warmed the hairs on her head and the fluids behind her eardrums, so that all the sounds of people laughing and joking and scolding, and of the waters lapping against the shaggy piles, combined with the twinkling of the air over the little port, under and above the few small boats and along the shore, sent her into a daze of acceptance.

M.F.K. Fisher's imagination is expansive. Her memory is round and deep, like those days in the mountains—a gift granted those who can look back, as she can, to "an early acceptance of being loved and of loving." To possess such faculties certainly brings gusto to life. To preserve them into old age is the saving grace.

ANN HULBERT

THE WAGES OF GENTILITY

False Premises
by Winthrop Knowlton

(Random House, 215 pp., $12.95)

Plato believed that the example of excellence stirred the soul to achievement, but it may be that the example of successful mediocrity is more powerful. F. Scott Fitzgerald decided to be a writer after spending a train ride reading a middling Edwardian novelist. If that author had been Henry James, instead of Hugh Walpole, he might have been intimidated into a career on Wall Street. Fitzgerald's example suggests that it is a mistake to teach masterpieces in creative writing classes, for what the students need are instances not of brilliance but merely of competence. I do not mean to disparage this often moving novel when I say that it belongs on the syllabus of eminently surpassable models.

It's not that Mr. Knowlton does so poorly in these pages; it's that, without being either a genius or a professional novelist, he does so well. The dust jacket photograph depicts a handsome, smiling gentleman of mature years and impressive title: Director of the Center for Business and Government at the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. This man of affairs has applied a lucid prose capable of felicitous imagery to a story of the years and people of his boyhood and youth. The result is a novel that begins not in genius or talent, which are gifts of the gods, but in experience, which all possess, if many regret.

The experience Mr. Knowlton works up here is freckled with sadness, and that too puts his novel on my syllabus. In a century that has seen the destruction of whole peoples, the word tragic applied to average American experience seems an impertinence. Sad fits the typical case far better. It is sad that the boy narrator's parents in this novel grow out of love, sad that his older brother is killed in Japan just after the end of the war, sad that so many of the people in his life are not what they seem, sad that he must discover how deceived he has been and how blind. These are what the English call bad patches, and every life is full of them. Mr. Knowlton's achievement in *False Premises* is to make the bad patches seem so much the common measure as

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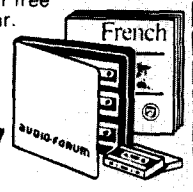

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to banish the worm of self-pity in his reader's breast. Literature, Edmund Wilson thought, should give life "helps." *False Premises* is not a great work of literature, but it contains helps in the shape of a compassionate criticism of a certain form of life.

The narrative sweeps back and forth from 1939, when the narrator Peter Kempton is ten; to glimpses of his grandfather, an eccentric inventor who brought electricity to his small western Massachusetts town; to a sketch of his parents' courtship and early married life; to later scenes of Peter as a Harvard undergraduate and clubman. This technique seems too strenuous, as if the author is trying to hide his borrowings from life under arbitrary narrative contortions. Another arty touch is the author's heavy rhetorical investment in the symbolism of houses and buildings, which are meant to be objective correlatives of the false premises of the title. This might work with one house—a Howard's End or a Wuthering Heights —but here five different buildings are suffused with a portent that undercuts the naturalness of the surrounding story without adding to the meaning or emotional power of the novel. My last criticism of Mr. Knowlton's technique is that his novel begins as a why-did-it-happen story but ends as a what-happened story. I don't object to what-happened stories, novels of adventure or suspense, but they take great skill to bring off, skill Mr. Knowlton unhappily lacks.

THE BULK OF *False Premises* is set on that gracious coast, the North Shore of Long Island. This is Gatsby country a decade after Gatsby, and one character in these ranks is a shameless copy of that original. Mr. Knowlton is trenchant on the social and political milieu:

> Their bright plaid waistcoats, their florid cheeks, their hearty laughter could not begin to conceal their deeply conservative tempers. There were no robber barons here, no men engaged in the running of factories or railroads. Almost without exception they worked on Wall Street, not as financiers starting or building new enterprises but as husbanders of fortunes made a generation ago. Strict education, careful advice, an elaborate mosaic of trust funds had enabled them to preserve their capital through the Depression—indeed, it would have been difficult to tell from looks or bearing or conversation the extent to which they were aware of this cataclysmic event. They kept horses—some for racing, some for the hunt, some for polo; they moored their yachts at Seawanhaka; they owned houses in town and vacationed at Aiken, and in their everyday comings and goings they were sheltered by chauffeurs, by club cars, by lawyers and accountants and a host of servants and go-betweens. They hated Franklin Roosevelt. They hated the thought of another war. They hated the Irish and the Italians and Negroes and Jews. They went to their lovely rural Episcopal churches each Sunday morning and prayed for God's blessings, bellowing their hymns as if still making merry in their undergraduate drinking clubs.

THAT IS a caricature, of course, but a brilliant one. After I read it, I hoped for a complicating judgment, for I have been among this high WASP gentry, and I retain an impression of weathered charm and fine manners covering formidable moral force. The complication soon came when, at a lawn party in honor of the new Danish ambassador to Washington, a dramatic and revealing incident occurred. In an eloquent after-dinner speech, the ambassador warned the comfortable Americans about the mounting horror in Europe and ended by declaring that only they could stop Hitler. Silence. Then "To the amazement of everyone, my father—God Bless him—was on his feet shouting 'Bravo!,' his face aglow, his glass raised high." The elder Kempton had previously been pictured as a man of fanatic habits who began each day by figuring his net worth, yet here, unexpectedly, was a streak of passionate idealism, "The first sign I had been given that he was not simply one kind of man." His son's lovely judgment holds not only for the man but also for many of his neighbors.

This splendid party scene also highlights the troubled relations between Peter's parents. His mother, the daughter of the New England inventor, prided herself on being "different" from her neighbors and also from her practical, Wall Street businessman husband. A woman with a taste for Picasso and Virginia Woolf,

> she did not understand that when my father got up and shouted 'Bravo!,' he was giving vent to deeply held views of the sort she held, only his had to do with politics and hers with art. Ignorant of each others passions, they were determined, when they flared up, to snuff them out.

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That bitter diagnosis also applies to the gulf of incomprehension separating Peter from his father.

With the coming of war, the Kemptons quit the North Shore, and the family breaks up. The war years pass with Peter making new friends at school, and later at college, and trying to piece together what went wrong between his parents, and between himself and the father he feared more than loved. The novel ends clumsily, with Peter's uncle spilling family secrets we have long guessed at—a deus ex machina unworthy of the excellent pages on Peter's coming of age on the North Shore.

The saddest part of Peter's boyhood is the way the good things in that life, the pampered lawns and the fine shined shoes, the blazers and the striped ties, somehow conspired to block feeling with order. The competence of *False Premises* might prompt emulative effort in the aspiring writer, but no one, I think, would want to emulate the experience of which it is the authentic expression.

JACK BEATTY

BRIEF REVIEW

Horowitz: A Biography of Vladimir Horowitz by Glenn Plaskin

(William Morrow, 607 pp., $19.95)

He has been called the greatest pianist of his time; his technical mastery is considered unmatched in this century—even if many have criticized his showy repertory and interpretive exaggerations. Vladimir Horowitz has dominated the music world as no other artist has since the days of Franz Liszt.

The Horowitz legend stems not only from his playing. His enigmatic personality has provoked many rumors, most of which are mentioned in this book—about his supposed nervous crises, his ambiguous sexuality, his life with his father-in-law, Arturo Toscanini, and his wife, Wanda, and his difficult relationship with his late daughter, Sonia. Always Horowitz remains coy, keeping the public guessing, feeding the mystery surrounding him. News of the publication of this first and unauthorized biography will certainly be a source of relief to his followers. Their curiosity will be satisfied—up to a point.

The biography is based on information gathered from reviews, articles, record and program notes, interviews the pianist has granted to others, and on pianist and freelance writer Glenn Plaskin's own discussions with hundreds of Horowitz's friends and associates. Perhaps in an effort to lend authority to an unauthorized work, Plaskin exhaustively lists concert dates, programs, and reviews, often making the book appear to be—like Horowitz's playing—a blur of notes. This is not, unfortunately, a probing, sharply critical interpretation of Horowitz's playing and life; Plaskin doesn't take such chances, but settles for an entertaining, gossipy biography.

PLASKIN tells many engaging anecdotes—Horowitz aghast, for instance, at reading after his first "retirement" from the stage and disappearance from public view, an announcement in *Le Figaro* of "the passing of Vladimir Horowitz. . . . He suffered for two years from an incurable malady." And he takes up many of the controversial aspects of Horowitz's life, such as his homosexuality. Although often impishly charming, the pianist emerges as a difficult man—inconsiderate with friends, impossible with agents and producers, destructive and cruel to students, uncaring with his family (after his daughter's death, he declared, "I didn't have a daughter").

But Plaskin never adequately analyzes Horowitz's callousness and egocentricity, and declines to address some crucial and obvious questions. Is there, for example, a relationship between Horowitz's style of playing and his personal eccentricities? What has been Horowitz's contribution to pianism and music? Plaskin seems to assume that Horowitz's fame alone makes him interesting and relevant. Indeed, the book's existence seems to depend on accepting the legend it intends to dismantle.

MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

Michael Kimmelman has written on cultural subjects for *The New York Times*, *Connoisseur*, *Horizon*, and other publications.

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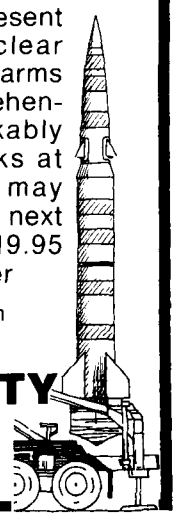

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Early Form

I WOULD BE willing to bet money on the following proposition: assuming Reagan is reelected next year (a hideous but likely prospect), and assuming we get through his second term without any thermonuclear unpleasantness, then the Democratic nominee in 1988 will be Mario Cuomo. I'm not just *saying* I'm willing to bet on this; I actually have a couple of sizable bets down on it already. I also think Governor Cuomo will win the election, and that he will serve ably as the President of the United States from 1989 until 1997. Remember, you read it here first.

ADMITTEDLY, THIS may be one of those cases where the wish is father to the bet. I've known, liked, and respected Cuomo for the last seven years. When I met him he was the Secretary of State of New York State, a job that is not quite as silly as it sounds but is not exactly the fast track either. His political career up to that point had consisted of an unsuccessful race for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor in 1974. That was a big year for feminism, and Cuomo later joked that even his wife and daughter voted for the winner, Mary Anne Krupsak. Still, he campaigned like a gentleman, so to speak, and he came out of that race with more friends than he had gone in with. He was appointed to the secretary of state job by the governor, Hugh Carey. I wrote speeches for Carey for a few months in 1976, and I went to see Cuomo because I needed ideas. Cuomo had a lot of them. He seemed to be one of those people who enjoys speculative intellectual talk for its own sake, and who at the same time is sympathetically aware of the specific, particular humanity of people. These are qualities you don't often run across in Albany. I don't remember everything we talked about that day, but I quite distinctly remember thinking as I walked back to the state capitol, "That guy should be President." Nobody's perfect, including Mario Cuomo, but nothing I've learned about him since has made me seriously question that first impression.

CUOMO HAD COME from obscurity, and he very nearly returned there before achieving his present eminence. He was unknown outside the borough of Queens until he was forty, when Mayor Lindsay asked him to mediate between the city and a group of Forest Hills homeowners who were alarmed at the prospect of a low-income, i.e., black and Puerto Rican, housing project in their neighborhood. The situation was ready-made for confrontation, demagoguery, and violence. Instead there was a compromise, which was due mostly to Cuomo's talent for getting each side to see and even sympathize a bit with the other's feelings. Jimmy Breslin wrote about Cuomo in the *Daily News*, and Jack Newfield wrote about him in *The Village Voice*, and pretty soon he was running for lieutenant governor and then, in 1977, for mayor. He lost that race, too—to Ed Koch, who got most of the liberal vote. Governor Carey made Cuomo his running mate in 1978 and they won, but Cuomo had still never been elected to anything on his own when he declared for governor himself last year. It looked as if he would keep his losing record intact, since he was running against Koch again, and Koch was at the height of his popularity. The big issue, both in the primary and in the general election, was the death penalty. Unlike most New Yorkers, Cuomo is against it. So he had to run not only against Koch and the Republican, Lew Lehrman, but also against vindictiveness, fear, and cynicism. His victory was extremely reassuring, because it proved that appealing to people's better nature can work politically. He seems to be governing in the same spirit.

BARRING A SCANDAL or some other disaster, Cuomo will almost certainly be reelected governor in 1986. His opponent will again be Lehrman, he of the burning eyes and the red suspenders, who has succeeded the late Nelson Rockefeller as the free-spending *caudillo* of the New York Republican Party. But unlike Rocky, Lew is a narrow ideologue, and by '86 the suspenders will have become a bore. Cuomo should win handily, and then he will be ready to run for President. Will the country be ready for him? One of the people I have a bet with doesn't think so. He says the country will never be ready for a New York Italian. I disagree. Look at the Pizza Huts lining the highways of our blandest suburbs. Look at television. If Captain Furillo, why not President Cuomo? Except for a few fundamentalist bigots who wouldn't vote for any Democrat (or any Catholic), is there really anyone left in this country who would vote against a candidate simply because he's Italian? On the other hand, an awful lot of Italian-Americans who normally vote Republican would switch over. The vowels on the end of the name would probably be a net plus, as the pols say.

OF COURSE, CUOMO won't be elected because of his ethnicity. Nor will he be elected because of his sad-eyed good looks, which are of the Yves Montand variety, or because of his exemplary family life, or because of his sense of humor—though none of these things will hurt. He'll be elected because he is an inspirational leader, which the Democratic Party has lacked for a long time. If you ask one of the current Democratic Presidential candidates to tell you what Democrats ought to stand for, you'll get either a list of "initiatives" or some variation on the competence-plus-compassion theme. Cuomo can give you something better. He was in town last Saturday to give a speech to the Democratic National Committee. Here's a sample: The Republicans, he said, think government's purpose is "to clear obstacles from the path of the strong. They believe that God helps those whom God has helped—and if God has left you out, who are we to presume on God's judgment? We believe that the survival of the fittest may be a good working definition of the process of evolution but that a government of humans should elevate itself to a higher order, one which tries to fill in the gaps left by chance or by a wisdom we don't understand. A society as blessed as ours should be able to find room at the table, shelter for the homeless, work for the idle, care for the elderly and infirm, and hope for the destitute. We believe that to demand less of our government or of ourselves is to evade our proper responsibility." Cuomo writes his own speeches, by the way. Maybe that's why he sounds as if he believes them.

H.H.

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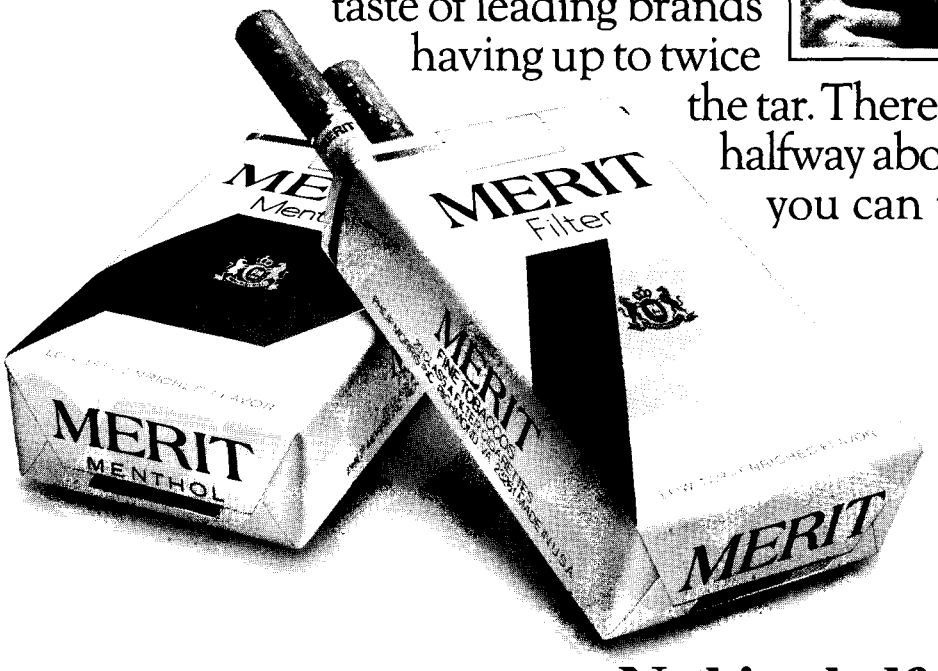

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